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MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

It is natural in a country with such peculiar institutions as our own, that the Royal Family should chiefly engage its attention on the great domestic occasions of life. We do not, generally, mix up its names with ordinary politics. The exact relation of the Court to these is not known; and it is saved many unpleasant associations thereby. The people understand perfectly that the general course of public events goes on with little direct shaping from the Royal hand; and that Victoria is less the Queen (in the old sense) of Great Britain than the First Lady of the empire. A writer who should pursue herself, or her family, with any of the violence which was habitually directed against her grandfather, would simply be thought a madman. As the symbol of British antiquity—as the head of society—as the sovereign matron of a domestic nation—as an example of the union of personal accomplishments with all that is most becoming to a wife and mother—her Majesty is even more firmly seated on her throne than the most despotic rulers of Europe. The respect and sympathies of people gather round her. Her power offends no man's memories, and interferes with no man's ambition. With it—and of what other power in the country can the same be said?—party has nothing to do. A Whig respects it as the foundation of his traditions—and a Tory as the representative of that which was exercised in different ways by the families through his descent from whom she exercises it. Men of Radical politics—being Englishmen—also see that the modern substitute for an old monarchy (as Aristotle observed in his distant time) is a despotism—sometimes attacked by the assassin, and always defended by the sword. The very symbolism and ceremony with which her throne is fenced are respected by the most



FELICE ORSINI, ARRESTED FOR THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

practical and matter-of-fact of modern nations. They are the natural ornaments of an authority which is light, graceful, and inoffensive—the very acts of which rank among the lighter topics of the country; for, indeed, so little does the action of the Court obtrude itself on the nation, that we scarcely hear of her Majesty, except when she is bestowing some honour or assisting in some work of charity.

The marriage of the first-born of such a house is at once a political event and a political holiday. It belongs to the poetry of politics. In the first place, this is the earliest appearance on the stage of Europe of one of that new generation, among whom rests the great honour of the inheritance of the British Crown. The Princess is the eldest of that branch of the House of Saxony which is to succeed in our monarchy the House of Brunswick-Lunenbourg. To a genealogy alone—even when it has been described by a Leibnitz or a Gibbon—it is not the modern temper of the British to attach an undue degree of value. But, however we may feel that the present development of the German character has something in it alien from the British system, there is nothing on which our people more prides itself than the Teutonic element in its descent. It is in the name of the "Anglo-Saxon" that the very backwoodsman of America hopes to conquer. And we may properly remember on this occasion, that the House of Saxony is one of the great direct representatives of that great Teutonic race, on whose nationality the Romans never broke in—whose virtues have been recorded by Tacitus—who first established the Reformation, and gave to the world the inestimable discovery of printing. The princes of the Saxon family have proved themselves not unworthy to lead among such a people. They were famous warriors—they were protectors of the Reformers. In several



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN THE RUE LEPELETIER, PARIS.

branches, they have also shown that they could divine the spirit of a new age and set it free. The family of Weimar, who fought for freedom in the seventeenth century, was of this spirit, and not an unworthy ancestor of the late Duke, the friend of Goethe. The Princess's paternal race is thus no alien to its natural tendencies in the English people; but indeed there is more of the genuine English blood in her veins than is popularly supposed; for, quite apart from the descent by which they enjoy by Crown, they are sprung from the marriage of an early Duke of Saxony with a daughter of Henry II.

When we turn our eyes to the Prince on whom her Highness's hand is to be bestowed, we find excellent reasons for approving her choice. The House of Hohenzollern has one unique historic boast. It produced, in Frederick the Great, the last man of a royal family in Europe who showed that governing genius which carries nations away in admiration. That King was the son of a daughter of the King of England. If, then, we have a certain hereditary propriety in the match; and besides, the triumphs of that Sovereign are associated in English history with the triumphs of Lord Chatham. To these elements of fitness we have to add the similarity of religion, which is of the first importance when we remember that Protestantism is constitutionally required from all wearers of the British Crown. Politically, one sees not too within the necessary limits so good a choice could have been made. The Royal Family of England must match with powerful houses. That of Prussia exerts a vast influence, not only over the politics, but over the intellect of Germany. It is pre-eminently an intellectual country. In its relations to foreign states it must be guided, as we are ourselves, by its geographical position. But it would be doing an injustice to the power of our Parliament, and of our press, to suppose that this marriage will ever have the effect of dragging us into wars or alliance injurious to our interests or honour. Marriages do not determine everything among princes any more than among private persons. And really it is just possible that an English Princess may have that kindly and honourable feeling of gratitude towards the land in which she was born, which we all claim for our own female kindred; and this is more likely to make her influence Prussia beneficial to England, than attempt to drag England away into the support of the interests of Prussia. The truth is, the match requires no apology. Those who first attempted to stop it have been silenced by the public opinion which they profess to lead. What kind of policies they will make, we cannot guess. It would only be gracious to recognise the known fact that the bridegroom has those accomplishments of education which the German Princes now sedulously cultivate, and which become one destined to succeed a Sovereign who has been the pupil of Napoleon and the friend of Bismarck.

Having viewed it in its more important bearings, as an era in the life of her Majesty's family, as a piece of the social history of the British nation, and as an event on political grounds, it is hardly necessary to criticise the arrangements for the ceremony itself. We must first remark that the official and semi-official statements respecting the preparations show that those were misinformed who attributed to the proper authorities a neglect of native art and workmen. We must next say that we could have wished the ceremony so managed as to afford more of a spectacle to the people of London; but we cannot object to the exaltation which shows that this was rendered difficult by considerations of expense. As it is, eight-seers will find plenty of excitement in London that day, and it will be kept with a festal idleness which itself will be the best proof of the interest and curiosity which the event unquestionably awakens through all England. These are symptoms which her Majesty, we believe, will not fail to appreciate, and which may well make her feel as proud a Queen as the marriage will make her a happy mother.

What remains to be said? The language of journalism is too old for an epithalamium. Our usual task is one of criticism, and we do not often rise to a more impassioned tone. Marriage, like another event which we will not name on so suspicious an occasion, levels all distinctions. Princes and princesses can only, after all, be happy; and when we have wished this for the Daughter of England, we have said everything. A whole nation wishes brightness to the honeymoon that is to rise above the old towers of Windsor.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

ALMOST the only subject of conversation in Paris this week, has been the attempted assassination of the Emperor. Among all classes it is denounced; and the result has been to concentrate on the Emperor and Empress an amount of sympathy fatal to any revolutionary ideas; for some time to come, at any rate. Congratulatory addresses to the Emperor on his fortunate escape are being signed in every regiment in the army and on board every ship in the Imperial navy. We treat more fully of this subject elsewhere.

The Legislative Chambers were opened by the Emperor on Monday. In his speech, his Majesty announced that the increase of direct and indirect revenue during the past year was 30,000,000 francs. He congratulated the members on the submission of Kadozi; and said that while in China the French fleet is acting in concert with the English fleet to obtain redress for common grievances, and to avenge the blood of our missionaries who have been cruelly massacred, the relations of France with foreign Powers were never on a better footing.

"Our ancient allies, true to the sentiments which sprang from a common cause, give us the same confidence as usual; and our new allies, by their straightforward and loyal conduct in all great questions, make us almost regret that we ever were their foes. I was enabled to be convinced at Osborne, as well as at Stuttgart, that my desire to keep up the intimacy of old relations, as well as to form new ones, was equally shared by the chiefs of two great empires. . . . As regards the Principalities, astonishment has been expressed at our disinterested policy, has always advocated, in so much as treaties allowed her, the wishes of the populations which appealed to her. Nevertheless, the conference which will shortly open at Paris will show in what conciliating spirit we work to attenuate the difficulties which are inseparable from a difference of opinion."

The Emperor then asks, "What is the Empire?" and answers his question as follows:—

"It frankly adopts everything of a nature to ennoble the heart or exalt the mind for what is good, but it is also the enemy of every abstract theory. It seeks a strong power, capable of overcoming the obstacles which might stop its advance, for let us not forget it—the advance of every new power is a long struggle. Moreover, there is a truth inscribed upon every page of the history of France and of England—namely, that liberty without obstacles is impossible as long as there exists in a country a faction which obstinately disavows the fundamental bases of the Government; for then liberty, instead of enlightening, controlling, ameliorating, is nothing else in the hands of factions but a weapon of destruction. Therefore, as I did not accept the power of the nation with a view to acquire that ephemeral popularity, the pithy prize of concessions exacted from weakness, but with a view one day to deserve the approbation of posterity by founding something lasting in France, I do not fear to declare to you to-day that the danger, no matter what is said to the contrary, does not exist in the excessive prerogatives of power, but rather in the absence of repressive laws. Thus, the last elections, despite their satisfactory result, offered no more legitimate and sad spectacle. Hostile parties took advantage of it to create agitation in the country, and some men had the boldness openly to declare themselves the enemies of the national institutions, to deride the electors by false promises, and having gained their votes, then spurned them with contempt. You will not allow a renewal of such a scandal, and you will compel (order) every elector to take an oath to the Constitution before presenting himself as a candidate. As the quiet of the public mind ought to be the

constant object of our efforts, you will assist me in finding the means to silence extreme and angry passions."

The Emperor's speech concluding with some remarks in reference to the recent attempt on his life, which remarks we have transferred to the column in which that story is told.

The "Militaire" says:—"The Belgian journal 'Le Drapeau' of the 17th of January belittles the attempted assassination of the Emperor; we await the decision of the Belgian Government."

The "Spektateur" and the "Revue de Paris" have been suppressed.

SPAIN.

The Opposition candidate, M. Bravo Murillo, having been elected President of the Cortes by 126 votes against 118. Ministers delivered their resignations into the hands of the Queen. A new Ministry was speedily formed, as follows:—M. Isturiz, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Espelata, War; Sanchez Ocaña, Finances; Fernandez de la Hoz, Justice; Ventura Diaz, Interior; General Quesada, Governor-General of Madrid.

M. Isturiz has declared to the Cortes that the policy of the new Cabinet will have for its basis the Constitution of 1845.

E. putero is reported to be seriously ill.

AUSTRIA.

A LETTER from Vienna says:—"Austria has not as yet taken any part in the negotiations to induce England to give up the Island of Perim, and that from two motives. In the first place, her relations with that Power are so intimate at present, and both are so perfectly agreed on all the great European questions, that Austria will certainly not oppose England on this question. In the second place, it is known at Vienna, through Lord de Melfort, that England will never consent to the opening of the Canal of Suez unless the possession of the island be guaranteed to her. It is, moreover, certain that Austria is endeavouring to prepare a mediation. She seeks, in fact, to induce the Porte to accept a pecuniary indemnity, which England is ready to give, and which probably would have been already accepted at Constantinople, if M. de Thouvenel had not prevented it."

ITALY.

THE Sardinian Minister of the Interior, Rattazzi, has resigned. M. de Cavour, Minister for Foreign Affairs, superintends *ad interim* the Department of the Interior, and M. Lanza, Minister of Finance, that of Public Instruction.

M. Cadorna, the ministerial candidate, has been elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by 83 votes to 41, against M. Arnulfo, the candidate of the Opposition.

At Genoa there is a rumour current, which appears to have some foundation, of an attempted insurrection at Ancona, where there is an Austrian garrison.

The "Corriere Mercantile" of Genoa states that a difficulty has arisen between the Governments of Sardinia and Modena. The latter having claimed the extradition of certain individuals implicated in the disturbances at Carrara, the Government of Turin have replied that, in the absence of any treaty of extradition between the two States, it did not see fit to comply with the request. By way of reprisals, the Modenese Government has refused to give uncertain Sardinian subjects condemned for ordinary crimes who have sought refuge in Modena.

The funeral ceremony of Marshal Radezky took place at Milan on the 14th. The procession left the Villa Reale, the deceased's residence, at noon. The hearse was made to represent a small temple surmounted with banners, emblems, and trophies of arms, the whole reaching the height of the first story. The corte consisted of 40 generals and 1,000 officers of all ranks. The number of troops that followed the hearse is estimated at 30,000. The Emperor Alexander expressed a desire that the sabre of honour presented by Russia to Marshal Radezky should be buried with him.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE new Minister of Police, Mehmed Pacha, has definitely re-organised the police of Constantinople on the French system. The City has been divided into four quarters, which will be guarded by 700 policemen; patrols will, moreover, scour the streets every night. These measures had given general satisfaction to the population, and it is hoped that they will put a term to the crimes which have for so long a time been prevalent in the Turkish capital.

It is announced that a compromise offered by the Emperor of the French in the affair of the Principalities has been favourably received by the Powers opposed to the union, and it is expected that it will be adopted. The French Government in the last proposition has considerably modified its original opinions, with the hope of an honourable conclusion to the difficulty.

CHINA.

It is asserted that the British and French Governments have decided, that in case the capture of Canton shall not induce the Emperor to accept the terms offered to him, the allied forces are to march to Peking, and in that case the Emperor of the French will supply additional troops.

AMERICA.

THE movements of the Filibusters and their supporters are still the absorbing topics of the day in America. The excitement at New Orleans found vent on the evening of the 31st ult., in an immense meeting, at which speeches denouncing the conduct of Commodore Paulding and expressing the liveliest sympathy with the cause of the Filibusters were delivered. In the Virginia Legislature also, Commodore Paulding's conduct was warmly denounced; and in both Houses of Congress resolutions calling upon the President for information respecting the capture of General Walker, and embracing the entire range of subjects and circumstances bearing upon the relations of the United States with Nicaragua, were adopted. The Southern men are enthusiastic in Walker's cause, and he would find little difficulty in getting together a new "army." It is said that he has already declared to the President his intention to proceed again to Nicaragua. His men who were taken on board the U.S. war ship *Saratoga* have been released, or "turned adrift, homeless and penniless," as their admirers seem to phrase it.

In the Senate, a select committee has been ordered on the claims for indemnity by the French at Greytown. A bill to prevent the practice of polygamy has been introduced.

The report of a collision between General Lane's Free State troops and the U.S. forces is confirmed. The most recent intelligence is that Lane had 1,300 men and plenty of ammunition. There is a rumour of a bloody fight at Sugar Mound.

GENIUS AND SUPERSTITION.—The late Mademoiselle Rachel appears to have been a great believer in the virtue of talismans. The "Court Journal" says:—"An immense quantity of these deceptive articles have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been left by will to old friends; and one, in particular—which is of emerald, graven with a Hebrew word—the great artist fully believed had power to turn aside the influence of evil spirits, and which she always wore on first representations, she has left to her sister Sarah, with a request that it may be worn on all great occasions through life."

BOMBA AND THE PRESS.—The Correspondent of the "Morning Post" professes to have obtained a clue to the laudatory notices of the King of Naples, contained in certain Continental papers. An official document which he has seen shows the price given for such eulogiums:—"To the 'Univers,' 1,200 ducats; to the 'Gazette de Midi,' 1,200 ducats; to the 'Bilancia di Milano,' 1,200 ducats; to the 'Cattolico di Genua,' 600 ducats; to M. G. of Brussels, 120 ducats; to the Correspondent of the 'Gazetta di Augusta,' 120 ducats; to a Mr. Lumley, 50 ducats monthly."

MURDER OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN TURKEY.—Mr. John Tennison, an English engineer, employed in mining operations at Ioudi, went to Constantinople a few days before Christmas to receive some money. On his way home on the 27th, and near Istanbul, the report of fire arms was heard, and he fell from his horse. His servant, having this, galloped to the mine for assistance; when it was found that Mr. Tennison had received five gun wounds; and from the mark of powder on his shoulder, it was supposed that firing the first shot had not killed their victim, they completed their work by firing at him while struggling on the ground. Two of Mr. Tennison's servants had disappeared; suspicion follows them.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF CANNORE.

By the new postal arrangements with India, we have had an extra mail this week, but little news. This little refers chiefly to Windham's affairs with the Gwalior Contingent. The Contingent, it appears, consists of two batteries of artillery, two regiments of cavalry, and seven regiments of infantry, all as highly disciplined as any native troops in the service; and they had not, from the time of the mutiny, until their approach to Cannore, been weakened by defeat. They had been joined by the remnants of the Dinapore mutineers, the contingents of all the ill-disposed Rajas of this part of India, with the whole body of rullians and handis from the country around. In all, they probably amounted to at least 20,000 men, with about forty pieces of ordnance.

Windham's retreat, and the attack on Cannore, is very graphically told in the following letter from an eye-witness:—

"On arriving at the gate of the fort (from Futtehpoor, on the 27th of November) I found that the people, civil and military, were rushing from their houses and tents with whatever clothes and furniture they could snatch up."

"3.20 p.m.—Saw our troops retreating into the outer entrenchment. A regular panic followed. Trains of elephants, camels, horses, bullock-wagons, and coolies, came in at the principal gate, laden with stuff. The principal buildings in the fort are the general hospital, the sailors' hospital, the post-office, and the commissariat cellars. Around these houses, which are scattered, crowds of camels, bullocks, and horses, were collected, fastened by ropes to stakes in the ground, and among the animals piles of trucks, beds, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture and baggage. There was scarcely room to move. The fort may cover three or four acres, I should say. Met one of the chaplains hastening into the entrenchment. He had left everything in his tent outside. The servants almost everywhere abandoned their masters when they heard the guns. Mounted officers were galloping across the rough ground between the inner and outer intrenchments, and doolie after doolie, with its red curtains down, concealing some poor victim, passed on to the hospitals. The profligate was brought in, shot, cut, shattered, and wounded in every imaginable way; and as they went by shatterings might be seen hanging over the sides of the doolies, literally like torn butcher meat. The agonies which I saw some of them endure during the surgical operations were such as no tongue or pen can describe. The surgeons, who did their utmost, were so overworked that many sufferers lay bleeding for hours."

The retreat is thus explained: General Windham, who repulsed the enemy yesterday (26th), went out to-day about noon to attack the three divisions of the Gwalior rebels under Nena Sahib. Windham was routed, I regret to say, and lost his camp with 500 tents, the mess, plate of six regiments, no end of tents, saddlery, and harness in an unfinished state, and private property valued at £50,000. So it is said.

"Nov. 28, 11.15 a.m.—Brigadier Wilson has been carried into his tent mortally wounded, shot through the back and left lung. He lived for two hours, and then calmly sank to his rest. His last moments proved him to be a hero and a Christian. The chaplain remained with him till he died."

"The conduct of the 64th Regiment this morning has justly excited admiration. Brigadier Wilson asked General Windham to allow him to charge the enemy with the 64th, of which he was colonel. Permission was granted. The regiment advanced in the face of the enemy, and under a murderous fire, for more than half a mile, up a ravine commanded by high ground in front as well as on the right and left. From the ridge in front four 9-pounders played upon them as they went forward. The left flank of the Gwalior rebels rested on the Ganges, and their guns were protected by dense columns of troops who lay under cover, and were strongly supported by cavalry on their left. After disputing every inch of the ground, their front line was driven back by the steady and determined fire of the 64th. It then appeared that overwhelming numbers of the hostile force lay concealed in three or four parallels behind. These rose and met the 64th as soon as the foremost officers, Major Stirling, Captain Saunders, Captain Morphy, Captain Macrae, Lieutenant Parsons, Lieutenant O'Grady, and others, reached the crest of the ridge, and charged upon the guns, followed by the column. Major Stirling fell gloriously in front of the battery, fighting hand to hand with the enemy, of whom he killed several. Captain Morphy was shot through the heart, and seemed to bound from his saddle, falling heavily upon his head. Captain Macrae also met his fate like a soldier, with his face to the foe. Captain Saunders, commanding the leading division, dashed forward, followed by Parsons and O'Grady. Parsons instantly received a severe wound in his sword arm. O'Grady cheered the men on, waving his cap in the air, until he had the honour of laying his hand on one of the guns. The regiment took up the cheer, and hurried on to the support of Saunders and O'Grady, now fiercely engaged in personal conflict with the Gwalior. The fine old Brigadier (whose horse, wounded in two places, carried him with difficulty over the rough ground), was pushing on with all possible speed to the front, shouting, 'Now, boys, you have them!' when he received his mortal wound. As he was unable to keep his seat in the saddle some of his brave fellows carried him to the rear, while he continued to urge the troops to maintain the honour of the corps. At this juncture the enemy fell back on their reserve, which lay concealed in the parallels behind. Then occurred one of those blunders which neutralise the effect of the bravest actions. Two of our own guns opened fire on the 64th Regiment from the left, and at the same instant the enemy's cavalry, together with the overwhelming force of infantry in front, poured down upon the right, and compelled our troops to retire. The hospital to-day is a perfect Aceldama."

"Sunday, Nov. 29.—At dawn great guns began to play upon us. Soon afterwards the cannonade became general, and by 7 a.m. it was something tremendous—shot and shell flying over us in all directions."

"8.30 a.m.—Good news. Sir Colin Campbell, with a strong reinforcement, and 470 women and children from Lucknow, are on the other side of the Ganges, which flows under the northern parapet of our entrenchment. The troops with the Commander-in-chief, said to number 3,000, are much needed here to-day. Looking over the wall for an instant (it is not very safe to show one's head) I see two bodies of horsemen in advance, and an extended line of troops, elephants, camels, bullock-wagons, and camp followers, stretching far away to the horizon. The banging of our own guns just at our ears is most deafening. Grape and round shot have been falling on the tree close to our tent. Some shells, I believe, have fallen on the hospital, which is, unfortunately, much exposed. Every square foot of the floor and verandah of the general hospital is covered with wounded officers and men."

"11.40 a.m.—Horse Artillery, 9th Lancers, 32nd, 53rd, and 93rd Regiments have crossed the bridge of boats below our Fort. Heartily glad to see the kilts, the plumes, and the tartan. May God defend, direct, and bless my brave countrymen!"

"1.15 p.m.—The cannonade has paused for half an hour. I hear Lucknow soldiers and their old comrades exchanging greetings and congratulations in their rough but hearty style, and counting over the dead and the wounded of their acquaintance."

"2.35—Cannonade commenced again. The Rifles have not ceased all day. Colonel Fyers and his men have done good service. They went into action on Friday as soon as they reached Cannore, although they had marched forty-eight miles almost without halting, and some were lame, some footsore, and all weary. Their arrival seemed to be the means of saving the fort, when our other troops were in full retreat. The church, I am just informed, was burnt last night by the enemy, and the Assembly-rooms and School have been burnt to-day. There is a dense column of smoke ascending from the town, about half-a-mile off."

"4 p.m.—One of the ladies from Lucknow has come in, and M— and I have given up the tent to her. She has a most touching story to tell, and she tells it most effectively. She gave us in half an hour what might be the substance of an interesting volume. She and her husband have lost their all."

"5.30 p.m.—The scene from the verandah of the general hospital is at this moment one never to be forgotten. A procession of human beings, cattle and vehicles, six miles long, is coming up to the bridge of boats below the Fort. It is just about sunset. The variety of colour in the

ly, and on the plain the bright costumes and black faces of the native army, the crowd of camels and horses, and the pines of India, and water in the foreground at my feet—on a plain between two pillars of this sort, which is raised some eight or ten feet from the ground—produce a very remarkable effect. But the groans of the poor fellows on charpoys on the floor, behind and around me, dissolve the fascination of the scene.

Col. having made arrangements for sending down towards Calcutta the wounded, the sick, the women and children, he on the 6th attacked the enemy; and, it is said, by a feigned retreat, drew them for several miles to their position. A detachment of 500 men had meanwhile been sent round to attack them in the rear; and so soon as time had been allowed to take up their position, the retreating force faced round, attacked, and defeated them with great slaughter. The enemy were routed, and retreated some miles along the Calcutta road. Sixteen of their guns, twenty-five heavy-carts and wagons, with an immense quantity of ammunition of all sorts, were captured. Our loss was insignificant—Lieutenant Salmon, Adjutant-General Grant, was the only officer who fell. The Commander-in-Chief had succeeded in capturing no fewer than thirty-two pieces of artillery within little more than a week. On the 9th General Hope took, at the 9th Lancers, who had been sent in pursuit of the enemy, overtook the fugitives at Serajpore, when they were beginning to cross their guns over the Ganges. A telegram from General Grant, expressing his great operations. It narrates that he came up with the fugitives at Serajpore, when they were beginning to cross the guns over the Ganges. He attacked them instantly with his cavalry and artillery with great spirit, and after half-an-hour's sharp firing, took fifteen guns, including one 18-pounder, eight 9-pounders, three 12-pounder howitzers, two 6-pounder howitzers, one 6-pounder—native—with all their stores, carts, wagons, large quantities of ammunition, bullocks, iskerries, &c. General Grant estimates the loss of the enemy at about 100. He did not lose a man in the operations, he himself being slightly wounded.

Reports that Bala Sahib, brother of Nana Sahib, was wounded in the shoulder at Calcutta.

FUTTEHPORE.

The garrison at Futtehpore, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, have been obliged to leave their entrenchments, and take up another position. Reports are also threatened by a force from Jaunpore, and a brigade was to leave on the 2nd of December, to reinforce the Jaunpore one. It is said the agents in the neighbourhood of Jaunpore are 20,000 and 40 guns strong, while the force round Futtehpore is about 8,000 to 10,000.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The "Hulk" announces positively that the ladies and children of the Lucknow garrison have reached Allahabad in safety.

Telegraphic despatches from Indore dated December 22, says:—"The column under Colonel Saxon, from Delhi, moved on Gungree (twenty-five miles from Allahabad). The insurgents came out, and a fight ensued on the banks of the Narmada. The rebels were routed, losing three out of four guns and 150 killed. Our loss, three officers killed and one wounded." "The Anjheera Rajah, his Minister, and three officials, tried by six this morning, and sentenced to be hanged. Eight mutineers blown from guns this evening, one hung. All quiet here."

A correspondent of the "Times" says that a column marched from Delhi on the 17th of December, with stores and ammunition for the southward. "It seems to be composed of a squadron of Carabineers, 500 of Hodson's Horse, a troop of Horse Artillery, and the 7th Punjab Infantry. The precise destination of this force is not apparent. I have called it a column formed for the escort of stores to Agra, or perhaps still further south, and I find it generally designated. But it is stated by one writing to the "Lancet" from Delhi that a force—presumably this one—was organized for the punishment of the so styled Rajah of Mysore. This man, it appears, has returned to his old haunts, whence he had fled at the approach of Greathed's column in November, and has expelled the native official established there by the British ruler. His palace was blown up, and his treasury and jewel-house plundered; but he may yet have sufficient money or personal influence to collect a band of marauders, to destroy which the little garrison of Agra might be too weak. At any rate, the Delhi column was to march to Mysore by way of Allahabad, and if it found at that point any obstruction, it would of course remove it. In all other directions around Delhi the country appears to be tranquil."

The trial of the King of Delhi was to take place on the 14th or 15th of January. Generally courts-martial had been very busy, and six or eight rebels were executed every morning. On the 9th of December commenced the trial of the Nawab of Jhuggur.

A letter from Calcutta, in the "Spectator" says:—"Could you believe it, nevertheless it is perfectly true, notwithstanding all we have heard about the starving garrison, that the force came away with full 400 camel loads of provisions, discovered only two or three days before they left Lucknow. Had General Outram known they had such a prize, he could have held out easily till January or February. Is not all this kind of management disgraceful?"

The "Englishman" has been informed that the small force at Rewah, consisting of about sixty men, has been besieged by the insurgents, who retreated when the Madras column advanced. They finally threw themselves on the mercy of government, giving up their prisoners; and their forts were in progress of reduction.

A resident in Calcutta, writing on Nov. 30, says:—"The town full of soldiers; drunkenness the order of the day; and the peculiar features of some of the cases have induced the regimental surgeons to examine into them minutely, and use the stomach-pump. They declare the men to have been either poisoned or drugged, and the analysis of the contents of one Highlander's stomach is said to have exhibited arsenic. Any government would be chary of the lives of soldiers brought out, fed, and kept at such an awful expense. Our rulers prove their anxiety to preserve European life by wholly neglecting to place the grog-shops under proper restriction and surveillance."

INDIAN JOURNALISM.—The "Bombay Times" of December 21 contains the following curt announcement:—"We beg to inform our readers that the editor of this journal, Dr. Bunt, having since his return from England in October last, altered the tone and policy of the 'Bombay Times,' and having declined to conduct it in a manner calculated to promote the interests of the public, was relieved of his duties yesterday, and his connection with the editorial department has accordingly ceased."

THE HAVLOCK FAMILY.—The public have been already informed that the Havlocks are of Danish descent, and were for many generations settled at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire. We now hear that the ancient seal of the corporation of that borough bears the figure of its Danish founder, Grime, holding in his hands a bay surmounted by a scroll, on which is written the word "Havlock." The story runs that "Havlock," or "Hadlock," was the last child of a Norse sea king, and was brought up by Grime, and became a valiant warrior under his tutelage.

THE LABOUR MARKET IN AUSTRALIA.—A correspondent says:—"At Melbourne and in the suburbs, it is true that a temporary glut of labour exists; but this is a result of the late Victorian or other of the colonies, and occurs periodically, from the reasons that emigrants generally select Melbourne as the port of disembarkation, and pertinaciously cling to the city in the hopes of securing better employment; added to which, the men absolutely refuse to accept of less than the current rate of high wages, and at short notice. This alone proves there is no overabundance of available labour even in Melbourne itself; whereas in the different distant towns of Victoria it is notorious that labour is readily absorbed, and if the unemployed in the capital and ports could be induced to proceed to the gold diggings and stations in the interior, they would find full employment. Respecting the other colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand, the state of things is even more clear, inasmuch that the best governments of each of these provinces are remitting large sums of money to Europe to encourage emigration, and thereby provide the labour which is so much required. Looking, however, at the two colonies of Victoria and South Australia, which are the most productive of the staple commodities of gold and wool, and without considering their supply of copper, wool, hides, oils, &c., these two would readily supply the whole of the population of Cornwall and Devon as well as the surplus of agricultural labour of this country, and afford constant and lucrative employment for all. At present, the great yield of gold in the different parts of Victoria, and the equally rich copper mines of South Australia, are chiefly produced by men previously employed in agriculture. The emigrants who would in these colonies are experienced in agriculture and practical agriculture, with the usual trades dependent on these interests."

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

WE last week stated the facts to announce that a desperate attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French had been made. This week we are enabled to give some details of the affair.

It was known some days previously that his Majesty purposed visiting the Opera on Thursday night, and as usual, a crowd of people thronged the street to see the *coiffure*. About nine o'clock the Imperial carriage arrived, preceded by another with the attendants, and followed by an ordinary coach of *Lancers*. The Emperor, Empress, and General Rognier, the aide-de-camp on duty, occupied the same carriage. On arriving at the theatre, a loud explosion was heard, followed at the interval of a few seconds by another, and again a third—the last the loudest. Now all was confusion. It was known that the Emperor had been fired at, and rumours flew about of something still more disastrous. So far as the Emperor was personally concerned, however, apprehension was soon removed, and an enthusiastic shout told those who were at a distance that his Majesty was unhurt. In order to tranquillise the people, the Emperor, on quitting his carriage, presented himself at the door, and again on the balcony. On entering his box he and the Empress were most enthusiastically cheered. The performance went on as usual.

The assassins had provided themselves with hollow projectiles, which are described as of cast-iron, pen-shaped, and in the widest part five inches in diameter. They were filled with detonating powder. Caps projected from the exterior, and the missile being thrown to the ground, exploded the powder within. The effect of these shells proves that they were well calculated to do the work they were intended for, and more. One of the carriage horses was killed on the spot, the other wounded; the carriage itself was broken to pieces; General Rognier, who sat in front, was wounded slightly on the cheek; three women, who stood behind this carriage, were slightly wounded, as was also the coachman in the head. A fragment of the shell rent the Emperor's hat, the collar of his cloak was torn, and his nose was scratched by a fragment of glass. The Empress's face was also slightly scratched in the same way. Nor is that the worst. According to the "Moniteur," six persons were killed, and above a hundred wounded: "Seventeen civilians, twelve lancers of the Imperial Guard, eleven of the Municipal Guard of Paris, twenty-eight police agents of different ranks, and four belonging to the household of their Majesties. Of the twelve men of the lancers, seven received serious wounds; the five others are only slightly injured. Of the eleven of the municipal guard, one is wounded mortally, four seriously, and six slightly. Of the civilians several are wounded seriously. One of them died on reaching the Hospital de la Pitié. The persons belonging to the Prefecture of Police are exceedingly numerous, and among them a commissary, and a divisional inspector, and fifteen police agents have received serious wounds. Twenty horses belonging to the lancers were struck. Two were killed on the spot, and five mortally wounded."

The canopy over the entrance to the opera was torn, and when the ladies alighted off their carriages, they in many cases stepped into a pool of blood. To add to the confusion, the row of gaslights running down the front of the theatre was extinguished by the explosion, and the windows of the opera-house and the adjoining houses rattled into fragments.

It would appear that four projectiles were thrown at the carriage, though only three exploded. The first did not touch the vehicle, but it wound about twenty persons. Almost immediately a second bomb burst, and one of the horses fell to the ground. A third bomb, thrown with more precision, fell beneath the carriage itself and burst with tremendous force, smashing part of it in pieces. The splinters of this bomb wounded the second horse, which expired some hours after. There was a report that thirty shells were thrown, but this seems to be an exaggeration. Above twenty persons were placed under arrest, but we have only four names: Orsini, Pierri, Gomez, and Da Silva, otherwise Rudin, all Italians; and of these latter we have very confused statements. Orsini is described as the same who effected an extraordinary escape from the prison at Mantua was recorded in the papers about a twelvemonth ago. He had taken a very active part in the Italian revolution in 1848. During the Mazzini domination at Rome, Orsini was sent as commissioner to Ancona to inquire into the assassinations which were of frequent, and even daily, occurrence there. After the explosion of the projectile he made his way to his lodgings in the Rue Monthabor, where he had been living for three weeks past, and it was owing to the very anxious inquiries at an apothecary's shop (where Orsini had called, it appears). He was asked, Who was his master? He remained silent, and faint. This gave rise to suspicion; he was arrested, and disclosed his master's address. According to some accounts, this "servant" was Gomez. Orsini had long broken off, at least in appearance, with Mazzini. He himself was very badly wounded by the explosion, and is said to have confessed that he threw one of the shells. When asked his name on being arrested, he is said to have answered, "What matter? Our name is legion!"

Pierri—an ex-colonel in the Roman Republican army—was arrested a few minutes before the attempt was made, as he stood by a door halfway down the Rue Lepelletier. He was recognised by Hebert, the chief of the police on duty, as a man who had been expelled four years ago from France. The arrest was fortunate, as had he been at liberty to act, the danger, great as it was, would have been more so. A projectile, a poniard, and a revolver, were found on him.

When Pierri was taken to the guard-house, near the spot where he was arrested, the explosion had not yet taken place. In two minutes, however, it reached his ear; he cried out to the guard, "Do what you like with me; I am content—the blow is struck!" He appeared certain that it had taken effect, but was dismayed when he heard of the Emperor's escape. Pierri appears to have lived at Birmingham since 1853.

When the Emperor and Empress left the theatre, which they did not till the last moment, the audience rose, and the house rang with acclamations. On their way to the Tuileries too, they were loudly cheered, and many houses were illuminated.

The carriage window was down on the side at which the Emperor sat, at least a part of the way, and her Majesty's hand could be seen stretched out and waving her handkerchief in recognition of the enthusiastic acclamations with which she was greeted. Before they arrived at the Tuileries the Diplomatic Corps, with many other personages, high functionaries and dignitaries, were assembled at the Palace to offer their congratulations to the Emperor. The Emperor's reply to the congratulatory address of the Diplomatic Corps subsequently is curious:—"I receive with pleasure the congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps. I flatter myself that all the sovereigns of Europe regard my existence as necessary to the maintenance of tranquillity. I beg you to be the interpreters of my acknowledgments to the sovereigns and states that you represent."

A telegraphic despatch, dated Windsor Castle, was shortly afterwards received from the Queen, congratulating the Emperor and Empress on their escape. Other crowned heads also sent their congratulations. The Emperor is said to have replied to her Majesty in a telegraph.

The coolness displayed on this most trying occasion, not only by the Emperor but by the Empress also, was remarkable; and on the following day they drove out in an open *calèche*, without any escort, through the streets of Paris. They were enthusiastically cheered by the people. On the same day the Bourne opened with three cheers for the Emperor and Empress.

The wounded have been well cared for, and the Emperor has visited such of them (a large number) as were taken to the la Riboussière Hospital. On Saturday afternoon the Senate, the Corps Legislatif, the Council of State, and the Municipal Council of the Seine, waited upon the Emperor at the Tuileries to congratulate him upon his escape. They were received by the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by Prince Jerome, Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Mathilde. M. Troplong and Baroche respectively addressed the Emperor in the name of the senate, and the Count de Morny made a speech on behalf of the Corps Legislatif, which was much as much for English readers, perhaps, as for the Emperor's ears. He said—

"We cannot conceal from you, Sir, that the populations whom we have recently quit are rendered uneasy by your clemency, which is too apt to be assumed by the goodness of your heart; and when they see such atrocious crimes imagined and prepared abroad, they ask, How is it possible that neigh-

bouring and friendly Governments can be so careless to break up these laboratories of assassination? and how can he be so devoid of hospitality as to shelter a murderer? and how can he be so devoid of humanity as to put a price on the head of a man who has saved the world from the principle of assassination, and the principle of the protection of innocent men—ought at any price to put a stop to these personal convulsions. To attain this object, you may be assured of the support of the Corps Legislatif."

The Municipal Council of Paris, and other bodies, also voted an address to his Majesty. A thanksgiving service was performed in the chapel of the Tuileries on Friday, and on Sunday a solemn Te Deum was celebrated at Notre Dame.

On Monday, at the opening of the Legislative Session, the Emperor naturally made reference to the conspiracy. He did not, however, utter any observations that could be inferred to mean that he adopts the proposed assistance of the Legislative Body in compelling England to punish the refugees. He said—

"I deplore the sacrifice of so many victims in the attempt to reach the life of one individual. However, such plots convey a salutary lesson. In the first place, those who have recourse to them to save their own weakness and impotence. In the second place, assassination never serves the cause of assassins. Neither they who struck Julius Cæsar, nor they who struck Henry IV., profited by their murder. God sometimes permits the death of the just, but never the triumph of crime. The attempt can neither disturb the present nor the future. If I live, the Empire will live with me; if I fall, the Empire will be confirmed even by my death; for the indignation of the French people and army will afford a new prop to the throne of my son."

The adoption of stringent measures with respect to the Italians resident in Paris is in contemplation. Those who are not refugees must be known to their respective Ministers, and refugees will be obliged to provide as bail for their peaceable conduct two Frenchmen of respectable standing. They cannot do so they must quit Paris. Other foreigners, it is said, will be comprised in the regulation. We may add, that the Opera House in the Rue Lepelletier is not the Italian but the French Opera; and its proper designation is, "Académie Impériale de Musique."

A bill is about to be presented to the Corps Legislatif for granting pensions to the victims of the attack at the Opera and to their families.

Marshal Magnan, Commander-in-Chief of the army of Paris, has noticed in an order of the day to the army, the noble conduct of the Lancer who was mortally wounded by the explosions at the Opera, and who remained on horseback at his post until he dropped dead.

IRELAND.

THE LAW APPOINTMENTS.—The law appointments, after a delay altogether unprecedented in the records of place-filling, are finally settled. Mr. Serjeant O'Brien is to be the successor of the late Judge Moore in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Henry George Hughes succeeds to the Solicitor-Generalship in the room of Mr. Christian, the new judge in the Common Pleas. The promotion of Mr. Serjeant O'Brien renders vacant one of the seats for the borough of Limerick. Mr. John Ball and Major Gavin (both Liberals) have come forward as candidates.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF A PRIEST.—A ferocious attack (says the "Nevry Examiner") was made by a man named M'Arde, who recently returned from Australia, on the parish priest of Castiblaney, the Rev. Mr. M'Keel. M'Arde was armed with a butcher's knife. The Rev. Gentleman, in warding off the blows with a stick, received severe injuries. M'Arde appeared to be drunk.

SCOTLAND.

LUNACY AND SCOTCH BANKING.—An application, under the recent Lunacy Act, was presented to the sheriff, on Saturday, by a respectable-looking man, for authority, in terms of the act, to receive into and detain his wife in a lunatic asylum, she being described by some physicians, who certified to her condition, as absolutely frantic, and a dangerous lunatic. To the query in the schedule as to the supposed cause of her insanity, the answer was, "The failure of the Western Bank!"

EXECUTION AT PAISLEY.—On the morning of Thursday week, John Thomson, alias Peter Walker, was executed at Paisley for poisoning Agnes Montgomery at Eaglesham. About 20,000 persons were present, many of the number being women and girls. Contrary to the usual custom, no religious ceremony was performed previous to the execution, it being dispensed with at the prisoner's request. The culprit died almost instantly. Shortly after sentence of death had been passed upon him, he acknowledged himself guilty of the crime for which he was about to suffer, and also of the charge of attempting to poison Archibald Mason and his wife in Glasgow. At this time he said he had no motive but that of a thief; but within a day or two of his execution he acknowledged that in reality he was impelled to the commission of the crime without any motive whatever, and through an influence for which he could not account. He also confessed to having, while a boy of nine or ten years of age, intentionally pushed a companion into a quarry hole in the vicinity of his native place, Tarbert, Argyshire; but his motive for committing this crime appears to be almost as incomprehensible as in the case of the others. The boy was drowned. The murderer was a ticket-of-leave man, having been sentenced in 1853 to seven years' transportation for the theft of £22 from his master.

THE PROVINCES.

DEATH OF A FUGITIVE.—Three or four winters ago, in a season of bitter frost, a poor black fellow was found in an outhouse, near North Shields, apparently perishing of cold and hunger. He was removed to the workhouse, but so greatly had he suffered by exposure to the weather, that shortly after he was admitted both his feet had to be taken off. He remained in the workhouse until his death, which occurred a few days ago, but he never could make himself intelligible to the inmates or to the governor. Though he was a most pitiable cripple, he twice made attempts to escape, and the second time succeeded in getting over a high wall. It is supposed that the injuries he then received by a fall accelerated his death.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT DOVER.—On the occasion of the landing of the Princess of Prussia at Dover, on Friday, a very distressing accident occurred. After the usual salute had been fired on the arrival of the Princess and suite on board the Black Eagle, it was found that two gunners of the Royal Artillery, while serving the guns, had had their hands and arms blown off. They were taken to the General Hospital, where each man suffered amputation of both arms, and they now lie between life and death.

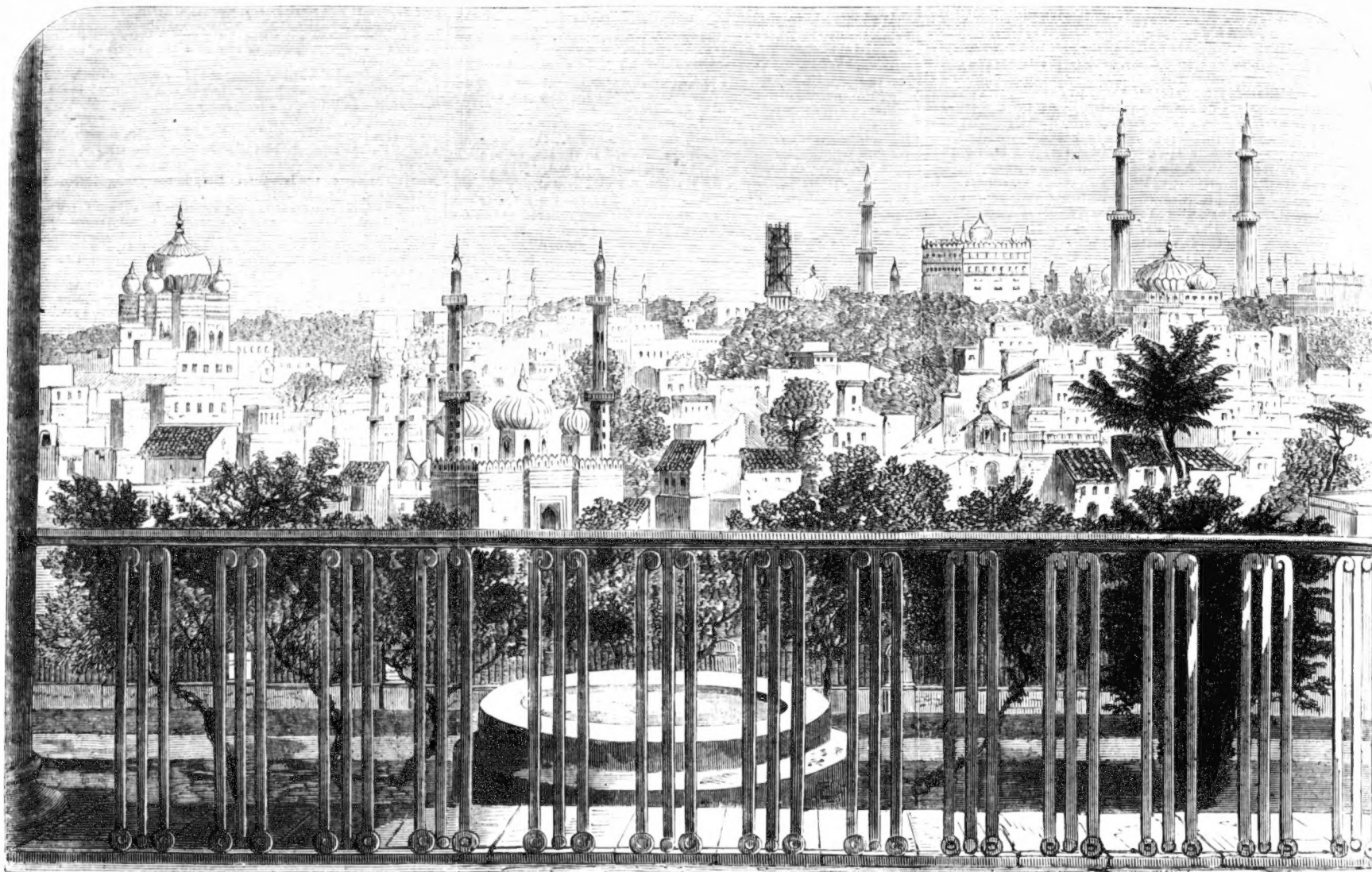
FATAL PIT ACCIDENT.—It is the practice at the Clay Cross Collieries to draw the coals and men with wire ropes. Four men got on the chair to descend the "No. 3 Tipton" pit, when the rope broke and they were precipitated to the bottom of the shaft (a distance of seventy yards), and killed on the spot. The bodies were fearfully mutilated. The rope was nearly new, having been in use not more than a month, and it had been carefully examined on Monday morning before the men were allowed to work, and again at twelve o'clock before they were drawn up to dinner. From four o'clock that morning up to the period of the accident about 200 tons of coal had been drawn up. The cause of the accident, therefore, is not satisfactorily explained at present.

INCENDIARY FIRES IN WORCESTERSHIRE.—For the last two or three months some most mysterious fires have occurred in the agricultural district of Inkberrow, on the northern boundary of the county of Worcester, and much terror has been excited in the neighbourhood. Eleven fires, which there could be no doubt were wilfully caused, have taken place, and at length several parties have been apprehended as the incendiaries. Two of these were the sons of farmers living in the parish of Inkberrow. The magistrates of the district, after three days' sitting, have just concluded the examination of the accused, which has ended in the commitment of one of them, and the binding over of a second to appear to answer any charge when called upon. The name of the man committed is William Davis, son of a farmer; and he was charged with setting fire to a rick of barley, on the 4th of December last, and also with setting fire to a barn, on the 30th of September.

THE SOUTH WALES STRIKE.—The colliers of the Aberdare district still hold out on strike in large numbers, although some have come in. Advancing towards meeting the masters have been made by the men, but have not been met, and matters are in that position that the strike may suddenly terminate by a mutual concession. The Monmouthshire colliers have followed the example of the Glamorganshire men, and are on strike in large numbers. Threats have been pretty freely held out by the Welshmen against the men who have returned to work, but there has been no open violence to any extent. The cottage of one of the men who have returned to work has been burnt down, and the turnouts own that they set it on fire, but it is not certain that the fire was not caused accidentally. The Aberdare colliers continue to meet together and talk very largely. The strike has caused much disturbance of the coal shipping trade from the ports of Cardiff and Swansea.

THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.

In a recent number of the "Illustrated Times" we gave a view of the house at Cawnpore in which Nana Sahib caused our country women and their children to be massacred. The correspondent who supplied us with the original sketch of that illustration now sends us a drawing of the well at Cawnpore, engraved on next page. "The house in the background is that in which the butchery was committed; the bodies were dragged through the



VIEW OF LUCKNOW, TAKEN FROM THE BALCONY OF THE RESIDENCY.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. ARTHUR B. HAWES.)

doorway, over between the trees, through the gap in the wall, and along the path to the right of the well, into which they were thrown. Blood and hair were visible all along the path. The gallows is seen on the right, and scores of murderers have already expiated their crimes upon it."

Almost every mail brings us some new illustration of the sufferings of those who were murdered here. One writer says:—"The garrison provost showed me the house and verandah bespattered with blood, where the

ladies and children were murdered by Nena Sahib—the tree against which the poor children were dashed, and the hideous well, now closed up. On the wall of the house I found an inscription with a pin by one of the murdered women. I copied it:—"Countrymen and women, remember the 15th of July, 1857. Your wives and families are here in misery, and at the disposal of savages, who has [*sic*] ravished both young and old, and then killed. Oh, oh! My child, my child! Countrymen, avenge it."

The following sentences were also found inscribed on the walls of the "massacre room":—"Here we are, 250 persons in this little place; here we lie in filth. We shall all be killed in two days' time, and may God revenge the slayers of innocent blood! 'O God, take us into thy Holy Tabernacle. Signed Miss C. S., aged 18 years.' 'Revenge! Revenge! countrymen, for the lives of your country-fellows.'"—Nena Sahib himself must be hung before this cry can be satisfied.



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. SYDNEY BEARCE, C.V.G.)



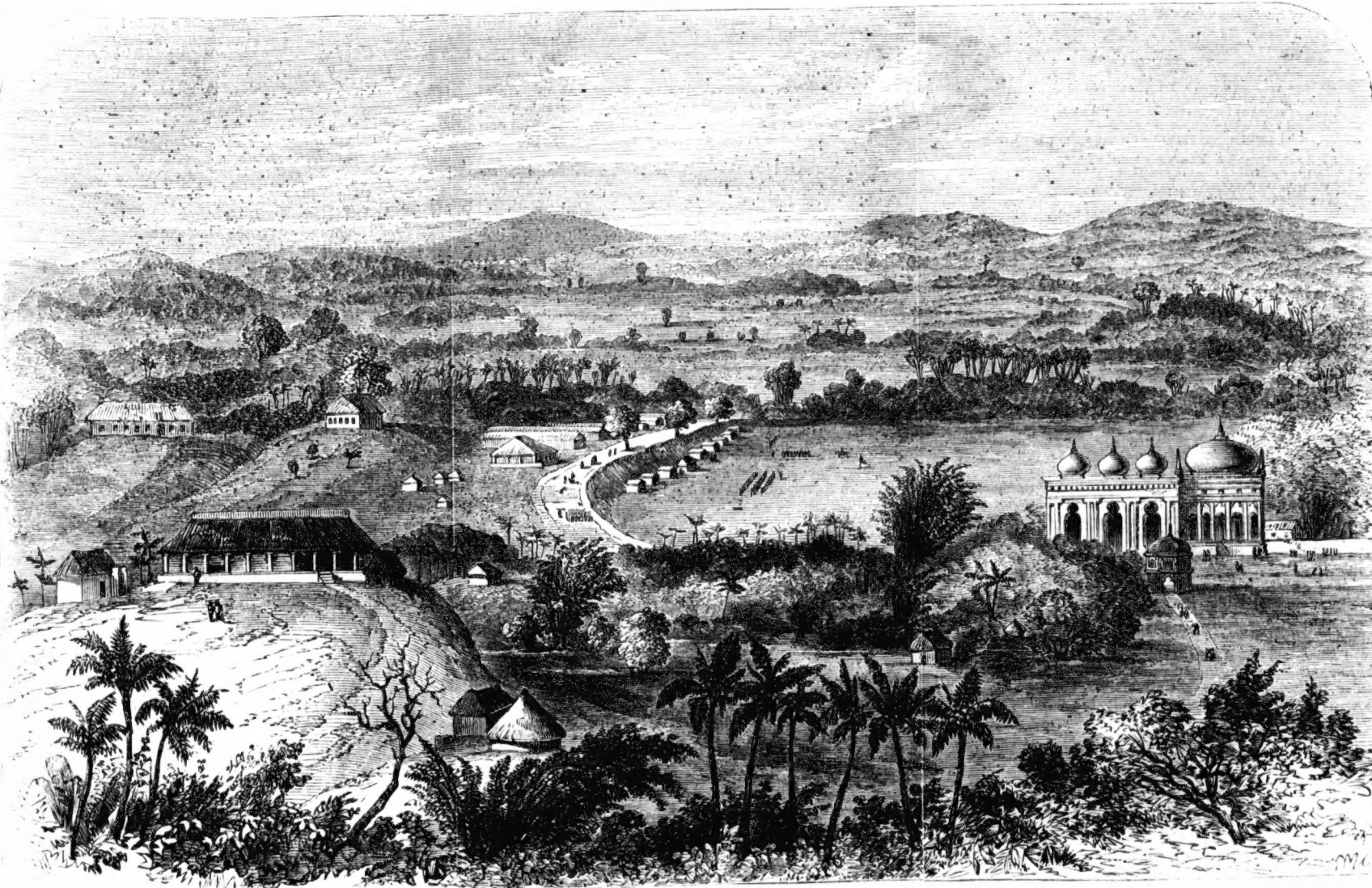
VIEW OF DACCA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. ARTHUR B. HAWES.)

DACCA AND SYLHET.

DACCA, the scene of the latest mutiny in India, is a most picturesque town on the Wullassaree River. It is 186 miles from Calcutta; and from June to November travelling by dāk—i. e., by land—owing to the inundations, is quite impossible. It is a large central station, and the residence of the Commissioner for the north-east frontier of Bengal. The creeks and rivers and jungles in its neighbourhood are very picturesque; the latter, luxuriant and rank, interspersed with old Mahometan ruins and tombs. Dacca itself is famous for its muslin manufacture, and in its silk embroidery it rivals if not surpasses that of Delhi. It is also celebrated for the manufacture of silver ornaments, which are most beautiful both in delicacy of workmanship, taste in design, and cheapness. Shell-cutters also carry on a brisk trade, and occupy a distinct

portion of the town. A whole family of Albinos are engaged in this trade. They have fair hair and red complexions, resembling Europeans in all but features and expression. Violins are also made in considerable numbers at Dacca: the tones of some of these instruments are exceedingly fine, and they are made at the very low prices of from one to six rupees, or 2s. to 12s. The route to Sylhet, where the mutineers proceeded from Dacca, is generally performed by water in ten or twelve days, as there is no good road by land. Sylhet is but a small native town and civil station. It has been hitherto kept quiet by the decision and firmness of the judge, who has won great respect from all the natives of the district; and it is to be hoped the Dacca mutineers will be stopped in their retreat ere they reach this quiet and picturesque place. The houses of the English residents are situated on separate telahs, or hills, and the plain below is thickly covered

with the graceful bamboo and palm-trees: lately the tea-tree has been discovered growing wild, and the cultivation vigorously pursued in close proximity to the town. The principal manufactures are seetul-putee, or grass mats, worked beautifully fine; cane chairs, of elegant designs, and lacquered wood ornaments, toys, &c. Sylhet claims credit for oranges and limestones, both of which, however, are obtained from valleys at the foot of the Copyah and Jynteah hills, about forty miles distant, which are also rich in coal, iron ore, &c. The oranges, which are very fine, are sold at Sylhet, during the season, at the ridiculously low rate of 1,600 for a rupee! The trade in these and in limestone has up to the present time been greatly thwarted and checked by a wretched monopoly; but we hope, ere long, that the proposed and surveyed line of railway will open these rich and healthy districts to British enterprise and capital.



VIEW OF SYLHET.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. ARTHUR B. HAWES.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

THE FRENCH POWDER PLOT. THE SCENE IN THE GRAND OPERA.

On the night of Thursday the fourteenth of this instant January, nearly all that Paris can boast of in rank, in beauty, in fashion, in intellect, was gathered together in the magnificent theatre of the Grand Opera. The brilliant assemblage had been convened to witness a grand artistic solemnity. The baritone Massol, who for thirty years had been a faithful and valued servant to the French Academy of Music, was to bid farewell to the lyric stage; and a complimentary benefit had been organised to gild the horizon of the retiring luminary. It was a field-day—or rather field-night—in the splendid *salle* of the Rue Lepelletier. The most distinguished members of the musical profession had rallied cheerfully round their old comrade; the deities of the dance, Rosati, Ferraris, Richard, were not backward in affording choreographic concurrence; and as a culmination to the attractions of the evening, the great tragic actress—the only tragic actress Europe possesses, alas! now that Rachel is gone—Adelaide Ristori, was announced to make her appearance in one of the most striking of her impersonations—"Maria Stuarda." The house was crammed; *fauteuils du balcon* and orchestra stalls had been at a premium for days. There were marshals and senators, financiers and feuilletonistes; lions from the Jockey Club and stock-jobbers from the Bourse; dukes from the Faubourg St. Germain, and lorettes from the thirteenth arrondissement. That indomitable *habitué* of the opera, the white-bearded old Tunisian Bey, who owns the Passage du Saumon, was there; the Spanish Ambassador was there; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was there, in the Imperial box, which was to be, at a later period in the evening—so it had been known all over Paris for some hours—graced by the presence of the Ruler of France and his beautiful Empress. In fact, with but one slight alteration, we may quote the words of Byron:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Gallia's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

"Did ye not hear it? No—it was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn!
But hark, that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before—
It is, it is—"

It was the successive explosion of the three infernal hand-grenades launched at the carriage of the Emperor Napoleon.

When the first detonation was heard, there was a general impression among the audience that the noise was due to an explosion of gas, and a very painful impression was created; the more so, as the recent dreadful accident at the Church of St. Sulpice, through the bursting of a *calorifère* or hot-water pipe, must have been fresh in the memories of many present. But the sound was heard again and again, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," as the opening roar of the cannon of Quatre Bras was heard above the din of the dancers at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels. Then women's cheeks began to blanch, and men's eyes to flash. Anxious whispers and subdued murmurs betrayed an awful suspicion that the explosions were the heralds of violence and murder; and all at once the voice of a Commissary of Police rang out sharply and lugubriously through the building—rang out like a knell of doom these words:—"On demande des médecins: à l'instant!" All the medical men who were in the house immediately quitted their seats in obedience to the summons; and then the terrified audience knew that blood must have been shed, and that life must be in danger. On the stage they were in the midst of the finale to the third act of "Guillaume Tell"—the great scene of the *conspiracy*, in which Arnold von Melchthal swears to avenge his country.

Another moment of agonising suspense, and the whole truth, as by lightning, flashed upon the vast assembly. The simultaneity of the knowledge of the event seemed really miraculous; for, of the many hundreds there, from the princess in the dress-circle to the shopboy in the highest amphitheatre, every living soul seemed to be aware of the dread peril which had just been undergone, when, among cheers and shouts, and sobs and waving of handkerchiefs, and a joyful enthusiasm which actually beggars description, the whole house rose at the Emperor.

Napoleon, the Empress, and the suite, entered the Imperial box, and showed themselves to the people. He, the same calm, impassible, immarmorised problem of a man, who landed at Boulogne with the tame eagle, who lived in the second floor in King Street, St. James's, who rode down the boulevard twenty yards in advance

of his staff the day after the *coup d'état*—rode calmly and quietly down while the gutters yet ran red, and the ground was still encumbered with corpses, and whom we saw only four days since gravely gliding among the crowd of skaters on the frozen surface of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. He looked neither better nor worse, neither paler nor ruddier, than of yore; the moustache had the same twist; the eye the same quiet, fathoming side glance; the frame the same courtly inclination in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the multitude. Not a flush, not a quivering muscle, not a movement of the hand, not a sparkle in the eye. Surely Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the only man in the world who could bear being blown up with gunpowder without changing countenance.

As for the Empress, poor soul! much as adulaters and time-servers vaunt her self-possession and *sang froid*, eye-witnesses concur in stating that she was as pale as death, and looked—as well she might do, pretty creature!—dreadfully scared, trembling from head to foot. Her white robes were stained with blood; her own fair face itself was grazed by a splinter fractured from the glass of the carriage window; and it was only by a special mercy that Eugénie de Montijo was permitted to hear once more the gratulatory exclamations of the people who love her so well. Her presence there that night might have converted the savagest demagogue to Bonapartism. That she, the kind, good, charitable little Empress, whose voice is never raised save to plead for the unfortunate—whose heart is open as the day to melting charity—that she, "fashioned so tenderly, young and so fair," should have run the risk of dire mutilation and death at her husband's side, is in itself the severest condemnation of an act disgracefully wicked in whichever aspect it be viewed, but doubly disgraceful, doubly dastardly, when we consider that it was levelled not only against strong men, but against weak and unoffending women.

It requires an intimate knowledge of the characteristics of the French people to understand how, under these astonishing circumstances, the programme of the evening was played out, and how every operative fragment, every choreographic *pas* was duly performed, as per playbill. Still more extraordinary was the spectacle of the Imperial box, whose interior presented the appearance more of a council of state than of a box at a theatre. Messengers were continually coming and going; lists of the wounded were brought in for the inspection of the Emperor and Empress; Ambassadors crowded in to offer their felicitations; the Prefect of Police, M. Sistié, the Minister of State, M. Fould, flitted in and out in a mysterious and ghostly manner; every *lognette* in the house was of course almost perpetually pointed at the narrow enclosure where sat he who rules over the destinies of France, and whose life had been so providentially preserved; yet all this while the warbling voices of the singers, the nimble feet of the ballet dancers, were busy on the stage. There never was perhaps a more inattentive audience, artistically speaking, than that of Thursday night; for there was drama before the curtain, which in intense interest surpassed five hundredfold the mimic rage of the footlights; yet in the midst of all this pre-occupation a resplendent tribute was offered to the genius of Madame Ristori, who in the great scene of "Maria Stuarda," and in her famous apostrophe to Queen Elizabeth, "*Bastarda!*" positively electrified the house, and called down a triple salvo of well-merited plaudits. At a later period of the evening, a *pas seul*, danced by the Ferraris, once more recalled the audience from the contemplation of the terrible real before the proscenium, to the graceful ideal beyond it, and it was a strange sight to see white kid gloves in the Emperor's box agitated in applause. A moment earlier or later in the explosion of the grenade, an inch nearer the murderous projectile, and where would those white kid-gloved hands have been? We cannot quit this portion of the subject without remarking on the extraordinary and almost fatal coincidence between the list of performances advertised in the programme for Massol's benefit and the bloody *cyropea* which was so very nearly being played out under the peristyle of the opera. The bill of fare for the evening consisted of the third act of "Guillaume Tell"—a *conspiracy*; the third act of "Massaniello"—a *Revolution*; the execution of Mary Queen of Scots—a political murder; and, according to the previous arrangements, the last or *assassination* act of "Gustavus the Third." At the last moment another ballet was substituted for the celebrated *tableau* of the Swedish *bal masqué*; and again, at the last moment, the hand of Providence averted the fatal consummation wished for by the cowardly assassins of the Rue Lepelletier.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LORD PALMERSTON has given a pension of £40 a year on the Literary Civil List to Dr. John Armstrong, the author of the "Dictionary of the Gaelic Language and Gaelic Grammar."

MR. JOHN HENRY FOLLY, the sculptor, has been elected a Royal Academician, in the room of Mr. T. Uwins.

NEARLY A THOUSAND POUNDS have already been subscribed towards the proposed monument to Ayre to the late General Neill.

THE JUDGES OF THE EXCHEQUER have ruled that Mr. Johnson, the husband of the daughter of the Countess Valsomachi (widow of Bishop Heber), is not liable for the millinery bill of his wife, as he allowed her £200 per annum. The Lord Chief Baron said this sum was sufficient for a married woman, living apart from her husband, even if he had an income of £10,000 per annum.

A SERGEANT OF THE 23RD WELSH FUSILIERS, who wore a Crimean medal and three clasps, was publicly degraded, by being reduced to the rank of a private, at Chatham, last week, for being drunk whilst on duty; hitherto he had borne a very exemplary character.

THE TRADE REPORTS FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS are still more cheerful, and a general revival of business may be anticipated.

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLING is now an offence punished by whipping in South Carolina.

THE NUMBER OF FOUNDLINGS IN THE HOSPITAL OF VIENNA, or placed out by it in the country districts, last year, was 15,400, or about 130 more than in the preceding year.

THE REPORT THAT LOLA MONTES was about to marry a Russian Prince is contradicted.

A NEW MODE OF CLARIFYING SUGAR, by means of a solution of soap, has been brought under the notice of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. It was invented by Mr. Garcia, formerly a Louisiana refiner. By this process a beautiful sugar is obtained, and the cane-juice yields more.

THE LONG-PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION between England and the United States is likely to be soon completed. The "Athenæum" says:—"Perhaps before another session closes, the pirates will be put down, and honest men on both sides of the great waters will be allowed to keep their own."

TWO HIGH FUNCTIONARIES IN PARIS are to be tried on a serious charge. They are accused of embezzling property to the value of \$60,000, out of the stores from the Crimea.

THERE IS A RUMOUR of the retirement of the Lord-Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, on the ground of advanced age and the harassing duties he has lately been called upon to perform.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S MARRIAGE is to take place at the end of April.

A YOUNG OFFICER, belonging to Elgin, and a son of Mr. Charles Dickens, both of whom recently arrived in India, finding there was little chance of getting employment with a native regiment, donned the kilt, and joined the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

AN ITALIAN VERSION OF BAILEY'S "BOHEMIAN GIRL" is said to be in rehearsal. This will indeed be something new—so seldom is it that music of English origin has had in England the advantage of Italian vocalisation.

THE LONDON DIVISION OF THE HANDEL CHORAL UNION has commenced practising at Exeter Hall, under M. Costa's superintendence, in preparation for the great commemorative festival of 1859 at the Crystal Palace.

APPLICANTS are appearing already before the police magistrates asking for aid in obtaining divorces under the new Act. Magistrates have not the power of granting divorce, but they can protect the earnings of wives who have been deserted by their husbands—a great boon for many a struggling woman.

ALDERSHOT is becoming the penitentiary of the Militia. Regiments which exhibit insubordination in their own localities are sent to the camp to be drilled into proper subjection. They cannot there attack the unarmed inhabitants of towns, seeing that there are none to attack. The 100th Dublin Militia is at Aldershot, paying the penalty of its frisks at Bradford, Ashton, and Burnley.

THE PRINCESS TAOU-TZOU is about to marry her cousin, and each receives in a fortune of £100,000 a year! The bridegroom, a young officer, lost an eye and an arm in the Crimea; but with them none of his fiancée's affection—as the story goes.

MISS HALE, owner of estate at C. netherbury worth £150,000, has not been herself so wisely as the Princess Tronbetskoi, we fear. This young lady, aged twenty-two, has given herself and her fortune to a Carmelite convent in Paris.

MR. E. M'EVOT, M.P. for the county of Meath, was accidentally shot in the face and one of his eyeballs, whilst out shooting with Mr. George Henry Moore, ex-M.P.

A NEW GRAND FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE is to be built on the site of the Hotel D'Ormont, facing the Rue de la Paix.

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH is expected to be completed shortly between Adelaide and Melbourne. A great project has also been mooted at the latter place by some private individuals, for securing telegraphic communication with London.

SIR WILLIAM ROSS, the famous miniature painter, is suffering from severe illness. His numerous admirers can scarcely venture to hope that he will ever be able to resume the practice of his art again.

A BRASS FIELD-GUN—one of the most perfect specimens produced in the Royal Gun Foundry at Woolwich Arsenal—has been ordered to be prepared for presentation to the Emperor of the French. The gun is an ordinary 9-pounder, and will be fitted with all the requisite appurtenances with especial care.

M. GOLDSCHMID, son of the Baron Goldschmidt, last week took his seat at the bar. This gentleman is, we believe, the first Jewish Q.C. on record.

LORD DALHOUSIE has signified his readiness to take part in perpetuating the name and services of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, by rendering permanent the noble institutions which he founded, and so largely supported from his own purse.

THE ARCHDEACONRY OF CARMARTHEN has become vacant by the death of the Venerable Richard Venables, D.D. Archdeacon Venables died in his eighty-fourth year.

THE COUNTESS DE MORNAY has given birth to a son.

SIX CASES are said to have been registered in the city of Boston in one year of intermarriages between black men and white women. The white man has never been known to marry the black woman.

THE LATEST NEWS OF THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF WURTEMBERG is more favourable.

THE DEATH OF GERARD, the "Lion-killer," was lately reported in the "Independence Belge." He had been devoured by a lion, it was said. This proves to be an error; for Gerard is alive in London.

A SOLEMN SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING for the recent escape of the French Emperor took place on Sunday, in the presence of the French Ambassador, at the French Chapel, King Street.

FERUKH KHAN has returned to Paris from London, and purposes leaving France for Persia in the course of next month.

IT IS SUGGESTED to raise a monument to Havelock in Trafalgar Square.

THREE HUNDRED ONE POUND BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES—forced—were found buried in a field at Pemberton last week. They were contained in two tin cases, and were dated 1814.

THE PRINCE OF WALFS, accompanied by Frederick-Charles Prince of Prussia, Albert Prince of Prussia, Adolph Prince of Prussia, and the Prince of Hohenlohe, visited the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion-house, on Saturday, from whence they proceeded to inspect the arrangements of the Bank of England; the Royal party afterwards paid a visit to the Guildhall.

SARAH BONETTA FORBES, the young African princess who has been placed by her Majesty under the care of Mrs. Schöon, at Chatham, for the purpose of being educated, is to be present to witness the marriage ceremony of the Princess Royal, by her Majesty's command.

TO THE PRINCE FREDERICK-WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND. By THOMAS MILLER.

HADST thou, Prince, searched the whole world round,
Love with his lighted Torch thy guide,
No lovelier lady hadst thou found
Than our dear Princess for a bride!
But rarely does so sweet a flower
Unto the lot of monarch fall;
Her very beauty is a dower
That, seen, is coveted by all:
For Sculptor old
Did never mould,
While dreaming of some shape divine,
Aught fairer than this bride of thine.

Like morn her dawning beauties throw
A golden glory from the sky,
And gladden all that lie below
The heavenly lustre of her eye;
While her soft smoothly-parted hair
Doth make an envious resting-place
For a sweet forehead round and fair;
Perfection of a Saxon face,
But to be seen
In England's green—
A face in which thou'lt look, and find
There mirrored an angelic mind.

All happiness she here obtained;
No angry look or wounding word
Her gentle heart has ever pained,
But, light and happy as a bird,
Life passed—until that parting hour,
When to the blessings of the poor
She tried to speak, but had not power,
So, silent by Balmoral's door
Did step aside,
Her tears to hide

In vain—for what her lips concealed,
Her heart those truthful eyes revealed.

Oh! had she but been lowlier born,
With them she might have lived and died,
Gladdened their eyes at early morn,
And cheered their hearts at eventide,
With dreams of beauty, virtue, love,
Her life passed peaceful as a flower;
Nor we have loved her less, but strove
To lighten every passing hour,
And roses sweet,
Strewn at her feet;
For oh! to us she'll still be dear,
And fain our love would keep her here.
Dumb, meek-eyed things will for her mourn,
Creatures she petted, loved, and fed,
Listening and waiting her return,
Will stand for days with drooping head;
Others may tend them, but no one
Can be to them what she has been.

England will miss her when she's gone;
For where her happy face was seen
A sunshine played
Upon the shade;
And there was music in the sound,
When her light footfall touched the ground.

The rooms that to her music rang,
The flowers that round her casement blowed,
The birds that at her coming sang,
And by their cheerful fluttering showed
How well they knew her smiling face,
Will all seem changed when she's away;
The palace look another place
For many a long and weary day;

The maidens all
Who to her call
Gladly and cheerfully replied,
Will sigh and hang their heads aside.

Take her—it was no fault of thine
Prussia replied not to our knell,
When, red with blood, and black with mine,
Sebastopol before us fell,
And France was where she should have been:
How different when, long years ago,
Shoulder to shoulder we were seen,
And in one day did overthrow
The laurelled crown,
And trample down

His power, who shall be nameless now—
While orange blossoms wreath her brow.

All this is past—so take her hand,
We cannot spare thee all her heart;
Nor think it hard her native land
Should lay claim to a mother's part.
We ask no more, but give with pleasure
The rest to thee. Oh, Prince! guard well
Our island's richest heart-wrung treasure,
Our pearl whose worth no tongue can tell.

The golden stores
Upon our shores
We count as dross, compared to her
Whose hand we now on thee confer.

She'll be thy shield in danger's hour.
Let her but beckon o'er the sea,
And, armed with all our ancient power,
We'll haste to succour her and thee.
She shall blot out what's gone before,
The past for her sake we'll forgive;
But Prussia must hang back no more,
If like one nation we must live,
And heart and hand
Together stand,

For her sweet sake, whose love supplies
The offering we now sacrifice.

She'll go with thee, like Ruth of old,
And home and kindred leave behind,
Thy state and honour to uphold;
More happiness she cannot find,
Nor be more loved than she is here.
May other roses round her grow,
Sweet flowers unto both nations dear,
And like her as two buds that blow
On the same stem.

May we in them
In after years such virtues see
As dwell in her we give to thee.

Children as good as she is fair
May o'er the sea unto us come—
Till one, thy darling past compare,
Is led forth to some foreign home.
Then wilt thou feel, what she now feels
Who sees a nation's great heart stirred;
Know why the tear-drop downward steals
While uttering the parting word—
"Farewell!" "Farewell!"
Thou then wilt tell

How very hard it is to part
From one that's twined about the heart.

And she some natural tears will shed
At first, but turn and wipe them soon;
God grant, when coming years have fled
And her full beauty's at its noon,
Her heart may be so light and glad,
She may sit with her hand in thine,
Smiling to think she e'er was sad,
Or for a moment could repine;
Finding in thee
Felicity—

And all for which her young heart craved,
In Love's true language deep engraved.

Thou now art one of England's sons,
Accepted without doubt or fear.
Light up the streets and fire the guns—
Let all our bells ring loud and clear.
She comes forth in her matchless grace,
Her blushing beauties half-revealed;
The smiles all playing round her face,
That in sweet dimples lay concealed.

Her Grecian chin
The prize would win,
Contending with the lovely Three,
Who strove for Beauty's mastery.

Your union will through many a land
Run like a sharp electric shock,
Telling there is another hand
Removing Truth's great stumbling-block.
Two hearts in the same creed confess'd,
Two nations answering the same call,
Two voices raised in loud protest
Against those who mankind enthrall,
And see with dread
True knowledge spread.

Shout, England, shout, and let them know
Thy faith's her faith, come weal or woe.
Let England's merry bells ring out,
While we with one acclaim rejoice,
And from our hearts send up a shout,
Worthy of a great nation's voice,

That still stands unsubdued and free;
A shout to make dark priestcraft pale,
And to the people o'er the sea,
Proclaim how England, with loud hail,
Her royal daughter
O'er the water
Sent, to rear kings and queens who'll spread
The faith for which her country bled.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

By the time this sheet is in the hands of our readers, Prince Frederick-William of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Princes Albert, Frederick-Albert, Adalbert, and Frederick-Charles of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, the Duc de Brabant, the Count de Flandres, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and all the great personages who are to take part in the ceremony of Monday, will be assembled in London. Even last week many of them had arrived in this country.

The festivities have already begun. On Monday evening the Queen gave a grand dinner party at Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty arrived from Windsor on Friday the 15th inst.; afterwards an evening party was held. On Tuesday evening there was the first performance at the Italian Opera House—"Macbeth." On Wednesday was another royal banquet. On Thursday there was a grand review at Woolwich, and the second performance (English opera) at her Majesty's Theatre in the evening. To-night (Saturday) Italian opera will be performed at this house. Next week, we may remind our readers, there will be a state concert on the evening of the marriage. On the 27th her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke of Cambridge, will go to Windsor to attend the installation of the Prince of Prussia as a Knight of the Garter, when about sixteen of the Knights will also be in attendance. In the evening a grand banquet will take place in the Waterloo Chamber, and on the following day a banquet will be given in St. George's Hall. On Saturday there will be held the drawing-room, at which the bride will receive congratulations. On Tuesday of the following week the royal couple embark at Gravesend.

All arrangements for the marriage are now finished. The chapel and palace are set in order. The Princess's trousseau is packed, and the jewellers and others have completed the marriage gifts. A dressing-case has been presented to the Princess Royal by her parents. It is of ebony, surmounted with gold ornaments, the design of which is the crown and royal arms. The interior is of blue silk velvet, and the fittings and ornaments of the bottles, &c., are of gold. The Princess's brothers and sisters have also made presents to her—the former, of a ring—the latter, of a brooch. The bride, in turn, will leave several mementos to her friends—brooches, pins, &c.

The bridesmaids are each to be presented with a locket. Its shape is oval, the size about three-quarters of an inch in width and an inch in length, very beautifully worked in massive gold, the cyphers of the Princess being introduced in turquoise and diamonds. These presents will all be engraved in our next number. The room which in the drawing-room season is used as a retiring room by her Majesty, has been on the present occasion fitted up as a boudoir for the Princess Royal, and is a light and beautiful apartment. The paper is of white and gold, the hangings are of the richest crimson damask of the newest pattern, and the walls are fitted with costly mirrors. All the furniture of this room is new and has been made expressly for the occasion. It is crimson and gold, of elate design, and its arrangement is in excellent taste.

As will be seen from the programme, which we give in *extenso*, there will be three processions, her Majesty's, the Princess Royal's, and that of the Prince of Prussia, all of which will be formed in the Throne-room, to which little has been done beyond cleaning and the laying down of a floor-cloth of royal scarlet, which, however, has an excellent effect.

The chapel itself is wonderfully improved in appearance. The effect of a narrow gilt cornice running round the newly-erected oak gallery is excellent; as is also that of the elaborate gilding which the railings in front of the royal pew have undergone. On the floor the three rows of seats on each side have been covered with crimson velvet, richly trimmed with silk fringe of the same colour, and are regularly divided into compartments, gilded with a proper regard to the prevailing fashion in ladies' costume. The *haut pas* and centre aisle have both been covered in "bishops' blue," and to this, along with the slender columns of the same colour that support the gallery, much of the cheerful aspect which the chapel now wears is to be attributed. The hangings and draperies are of crimson velvet, looped with rich silk lace of the same colour, and the chairs of state and taburets on which the royal visitors are to be accommodated are of the same colour, with the addition of much gilding and bullion decorations. Taken altogether, and considering the smallness of the space in which everything had to be done, it would be hard to give too much credit to those engaged in the preparations. Our readers will be better able to judge of them next week, when we shall present them with views of the interior of the palace, the chapel, the processions, the bridal ceremony and costumes, the marriage gifts, &c., &c., engraved from strictly accurate sketches.

The preparations at Windsor Castle for the reception of the Royal bride and bridegroom are completed, and the rooms appropriated to their use are those which were occupied by the Queen in her younger days, at the time when she was the guest of William IV., namely, those called the Duchess of Kent's apartments, in the Lancaster Tower. The Royal couple are expected to arrive at Windsor on the evening of the 25th, at five o'clock, and to travel by the Great Western Railway from Paddington to George Street, from whence they will proceed to the Castle under an escort of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). A triumphal arch will be erected in Castle Street, and the houses of the inhabitants, together with the Town-hall, will be brilliantly illuminated and decorated with banners exhibiting the arms of England and Prussia.

CEREMONIAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

The following is the official programme of the ceremony to be observed at the marriage of the Princess Royal:—

The illustrious individuals and others composing the procession, except those who go to Buckingham Palace, will assemble in the Throne-room at St. James's Palace, not later than half-past eleven o'clock.

The foreign Princes, not forming part of the procession, will be conducted to their seats upon the *haut pas* of the Chapel Royal by the Master of the Ceremonies, on their arrival. The attendants will be shown to seats assigned to them in the Chapel.

The bridegroom, on his arrival at St. James's Palace, will be conducted to the Presence Chamber, where the procession of his Royal Highness will be formed, in readiness to follow that of her Majesty, which will first enter the Chapel.

Upon arrival at St. James's Chapel, the Queen will be conducted to the Royal Closet. The bride, with her father the Prince Consort, and the King of the Belgians, will be conducted to the Queen's retiring room.

Her Majesty's procession having been marshalled in the Throne-room by Garter Principal King of Arms, will move through the State apartments, down the State staircase, to the Chapel Royal, in the following order:—

HER MAJESTY'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Knight Marshal.
Heralds and Pursuivants of Arms.
Equerri in Waiting to the Queen.
Comptroller of the Household.
Keeper of the Privy Purse.
Groom in Waiting to the Queen.
The Lord Steward.
Lord Privy Seal.
Lord High Chancellor.
Senior Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter.
Gentleman Usher Daily.
Garter Principal King of Arms.
Black Rod, bearing his Rod.
Waiter and to the Sword of State.
The Earl Marshal, bearing his Baton.
Princess Mary of Cambridge.
Her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West, and attended by Major Home Purves.

The Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Charles Tyrwhitt.
The Duchess of Cambridge, her train borne by Lady Geraldine Somerset, and attended by Baron Kuesbeck.
The Duchess of Kent, her train borne by Lady Anna Maria Dawson, and attended by Col. Sir George Couper, Bart.
The Lord Chamberlain, borne by Viscount Palmerston, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury.
The Prince of Wales.
The Lord Chamberlain.
The Prince of Wales.

THE QUEEN leading Her Majesty's train borne by the Groom of the Robes and two Pages of Honour.
Princess Louise, Princess Alice, Princess Helena.
The Master of the Horse, The Mistress of the Robes.
The Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting.
Two Maids of Honour in Waiting.
Bedchamber Women in Waiting.
The Lady Superintendent.

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
Gold Stick.
Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Master of the Buckhounds.
Master of the Household.
Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.
Tutors to the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred.
Six Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Six Yeomen of the Guard to close the Procession.

Upon arriving at the entrance to the Chapel the drums and trumpets will file off. The Gentlemen-at-Arms will remain outside the Chapel door, in the Ante-chapel, during the ceremony.

The Yeomen of the Guard will remain at the Foot of the Staircase, in the Ante-chapel.

Her Majesty will be conducted to her chair of state, and the Royal family to the seats prepared for them on the *haut pas*. The Lord who bears the sword of state will stand on the Queen's right-hand, the Mistress of the Robes near her Majesty, and the several persons composing the procession will be conducted to the places appointed for them in the choir.

The Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain, preceded by the drums and trumpets, will then return to the Presence Chamber, and the Bridegroom's procession, on having been there formed, will move to the Chapel Royal in the following order:—

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Master of the Ceremonies.
The Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honour, between Heralds.
The Prussian Minister with the Members of his Legation.
Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.
Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Supported by his Father, the Prince of Prussia, and by the Grand Duke of Baden, followed by the attendants of the Prince and Grand Duke.
On reaching the chapel, the drums and trumpets will file off outside the door, and the procession advancing, the Bridegroom will be conducted to the seat prepared for him on the *haut pas* leading to the altar. His supporters will occupy seats upon the *haut pas* near his Royal Highness. The officers of the Bridegroom will stand in the nave of the chapel. The other gentlemen in attendance will be conducted to seats.

The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, preceded, as before, by the drums and trumpets, will then return to the State apartments to attend the Bride, whose procession, having been formed in the Royal Closet, will move to the Chapel in the following order:—

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Officers of Arms.
Marquis of Abercorn, K.G.
Groom of the Stole to the Prince Consort.
Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.
Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.

THE BRIDE.

Supported by her Father, the Prince Consort, and by the King of the Belgians.
The Train of her Royal Highness borne by eight unmarried Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls.
The Lady Susan Pelham Clinton.
The Lady Emily Stanley.
The Lady Susan Murray.
The Lady Victoria Noel.
The Lady Cecilia Gordon Lennox.
The Lady Katherine Hamilton.
The Lady Constance Villiers.
The Lady Cecilia Molyneux.

Followed by the Lord of the Bedchamber, Groom of the Bedchamber, and Equerri-in-Waiting, the Private Secretary, and Gentleman Usher to the Prince Consort, the Treasurer and Private Secretary to the Princess Royal, and the gentlemen in attendance on the King of the Belgians.

On arriving at the Chapel the Bride will be conducted to her seat in the Chapel, on the left side of the *haut pas* leading to the Altar, near her Majesty's Chair of State, and the Prince Consort and the King of the Belgians will be conducted to their seats on the *haut pas* near the Bride. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain will stand near her Majesty.

As each procession enters the Chapel a March will be played. When the Bride has taken her place near the Altar, a Hymn will be sung, and the Service will commence.

The Service will be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of London, Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal; the Bishop of Oxford, Lord High Almoner; the Bishop of Chester, Clerk to the Closet; the Dean of Windsor, Domestic Chaplain to the Queen; and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, Sub-Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

The Bride will be given a kiss by her Father the Prince Consort. At the conclusion of the Service, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" will be sung, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" will be played as the Procession is leaving the Chapel.

The Procession of the Bride and Bridegroom will return to the State Apartments in the under-mentioned order:—

Officers of Arms.
Gentlemen of Honour to the Bride and Bridegroom.
The Master of the Ceremonies.
The Prussian Minister, accompanied by the Members of his Legation.
Groom of the Stole to the Prince Consort.
THE BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM.
The Supporters of their Royal Highnesses on either side.
The Train of the Bride borne as before.
The remainder of the Suite of the Prince Consort.
The Gentlemen in attendance on the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Baden.

Her Majesty's Procession will then follow to the Presence Chamber in the same order in which it entered the Chapel.

Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Bride and Bridegroom, with the rest of the Royal Family, the Royal Guests, and the Great Officers of State, will pass on to the Throne-room.

The foreign Princes and Guests who do not take part in the procession will be conducted to the Throne-room by the Master of the Ceremonies.

Finally, the Dignitaries of the Church having entered the Throne-room, the Registry of the Marriage will be signed with the usual formalities.

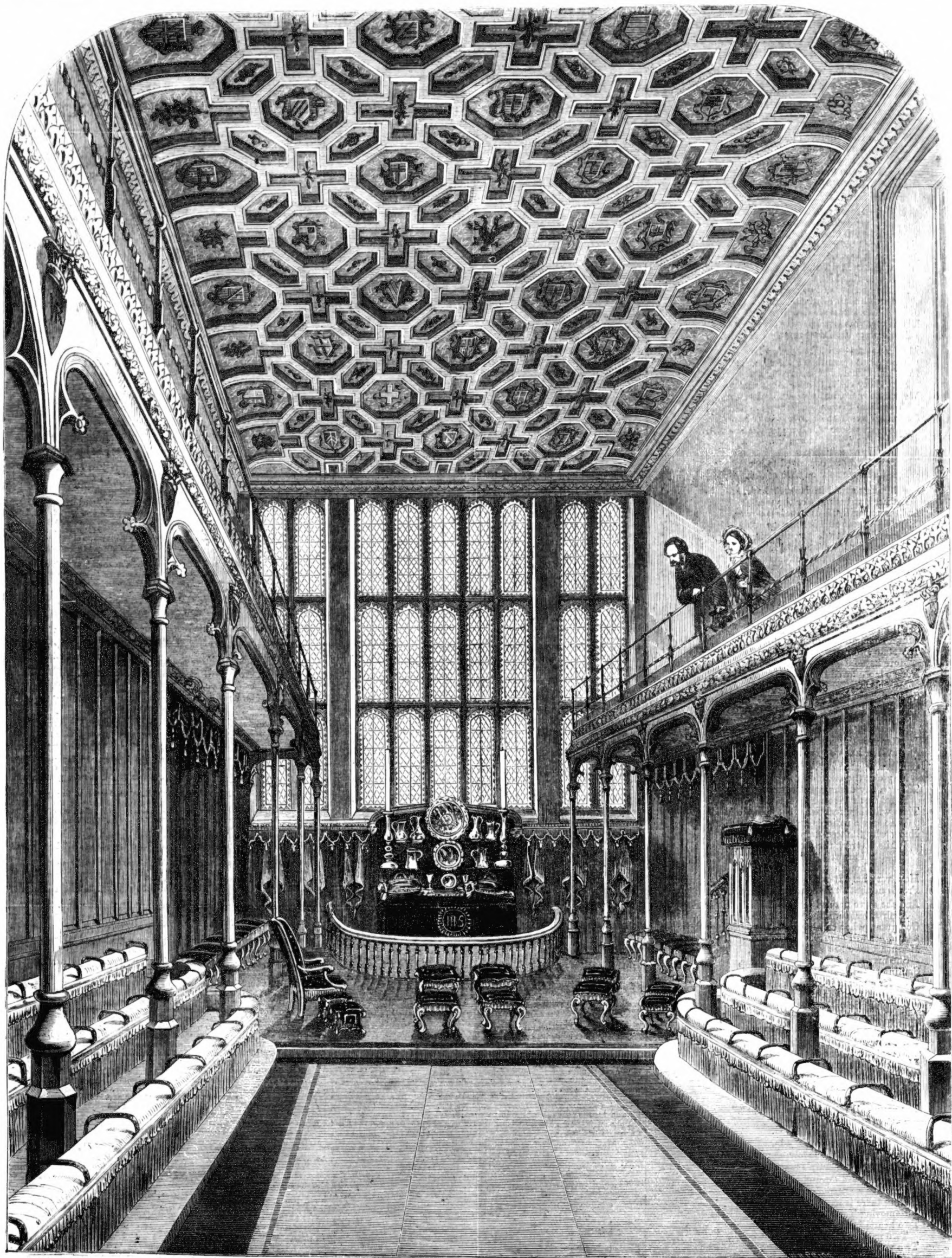
The remainder of the Procession will proceed no further than the Presence Chamber.

The Knights of the several Orders present at the solemnity will wear their respective collars with white rosettes.

The Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and other Visitors, invited to be present in the Chapel, will appear in full dress uniform. The Ladies in full dress.

THE PRINCESS'S DOWRY.

Prince Frederick-William is to receive an annuity of 92,000 thalers a year (£13,800), which of course will be increased when in the due course of nature his uncle, the present King, dies, and he thus becomes Crown Prince. In the marriage contract it is stated that the expenses of the joint establishment of their Royal Highnesses shall be defrayed out of the above-mentioned sum; the interest, however, of the marriage portion which her Majesty gives to the Princess Victoria, viz., £40,000, is to go in aid of the same. The aforesaid capital is to be handed over to a commissioner appointed by the King of Prussia, who will pay it into the Crown Treasury, and give security for it on the Crown Trust Fund, until all arrangements are completed. The interest of the £40,000 is to be paid over every six months to a commissioner named by their Royal Highnesses; and in the event of the decease of either it is to go to the survivor. After the decease of both the capital is to revert to their children in equal proportions, on their arriving at the age of eighteen, or on their marry-



THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, SHOWING THE ALTERATIONS AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

ing; if there shall be no child that attains that age, or that marries previously, the amount is to revert to the Princess in the event of the Prince departing this life before her; and it remains open to the Princess, even if that improbable and much to be deprecated contingency should not supervene, to dispose of the sum by last will and testament.

The yearly allowance of £8,000 voted by the Parliament is to be paid quarterly to a commissioner named by her Majesty, who will receive it to the sole use of the Princess. Their Royal Highnesses will be precluded,

either separately or conjointly, from making any dispositions with regard to this amount, which is to be paid to the proper hands of the Princess herself, and her sole receipt is to be taken for it.

The King of Prussia secures the Princess in a jointure, the amount of which is to vary according to the following circumstances:—Should her widowhood intervene during the lifetime of the present King, the jointure is to be fixed at 30,000 thalers yearly; if after the present King's decease, it is to amount to 40,000. In addition to this jointure the Princess will

be entitled to receive the interest arising from her marriage portion, and a residence at Berlin completely furnished, according to the custom of the Royal family here.

In case of the Princess living to become Queen of Prussia or Queen Dowager the same amount is to be placed at her service as is usual for the Queens of Prussia to receive, or the same jointure shall be settled on her as the Dowager Queens of Prussia have hitherto received, according to the precedents in the Royal House of Prussia.



THE GLADES OF WINDSOR: PRINCE FREDERICK-WILLIAM AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

The loss of two vessels by collision was announced at Lloyd's on Saturday. One was the brig *Catherine*, Captain Grandison, when off Hambro' Head, between three and four o'clock on the previous Thursday morning. She came in collision with the Westmoreland (bound to the Tyne) light with such violence, that she immediately began to fill, and in a short time foundered; her captain and crew were saved. The second mishap took place near the mouth of the Mersey, on Thursday night. A fine schooner, called the *James*, of Wick, bound to Rotherham, from Ayr, when some ten miles off Point Lynas, came in contact with the *Majestas*, from Liverpool to Rigg, and the *James* had shortly afterwards to be abandoned. The crew, however, got on board the *Majestas*, and were landed at Liverpool by a steamer.

Particulars of the loss of the Duke of Argyll, Glasgow and Stormont steamer, are reported. She was on a passage to the latter port, with her usual complement of passengers and cargo. In the course of Wednesday evening of last week, in consequence of the weather becoming bad, she came to anchor in the Bay of Salen, Sound of Mull, off Kintyre. During the night she swung at her anchors, and struck on a sunken reef. It was found that she was making water rapidly, a hole apparently having been knocked in her bottom; and there was just time to get out the boats and rescue the passengers and crew, when the ship went down. Some of the cargo has been got up.

The English iron-built ship *Waverley*, nearly 800 tons burthen, commanded by Captain Rose, had been chartered at Shanghai to convey about 400 soldiers of the Chinese Contingent, recently raised at that port, to Swatow. Unfortunately she had been imperfectly ballasted, and in a heavy gale of wind, on the 19th of November, in lat 28 N., distant about forty-five miles from the coast, she was thrown on her beam-ends, and her ballast (sand) shifting, rendered it impossible for Captain Rose and his crew to right her. In this condition she remained for many hours, when the English schooner *Nora*, Captain Foster, bore down to her aid, and contrived to get close alongside the ship and rescue Captain Rose, his officers and crew, and about 300 of the soldiers, being all they could get on board, in consequence of the continued severity of the gale, and they were obliged to leave her to her fate with 100 souls clinging to her rigging. The *Nora* immediately made for Foo-Choo-Foo, and the authorities at once despatched a steamer in search of the wreck; but before she could come up with it, it was fallen in with by the *Intrepid*, Captain Gardiner, who succeeded in rescuing the remainder of the helpless creatures, and, there being no chance of righting the ship, set fire to her.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The "Gazette" announces that the Queen has conferred this decoration upon the following officers for acts of bravery:—7th R. Regiment, Lieutenant Joseph P. H. Crowe, captain of the 10th Regiment, for being the first to enter the redoubt at Buzzeke Chowkee, the entrenched village in the front of the Bushahr gully, on the 12th of August. (Telegram from the late Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, to the Commander-in-Chief in India, dated Calcutta, 18th August, 1857).

10th Regiment, Lieutenant Henry Marshall Havelock, now captain, 15th Regiment. In the combat at Cawnpore (says Gen. Havelock), Lieut. Havelock was my aide-de-camp. The 64th Regiment had been much under artillery fire, from which it had severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when perceiving that the enemy had brought out the last reserved gun, a 24-pounder, and were rallying round it, I called upon the regiment to rise and advance. Without any other word from me, Lieut. Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun. Major Sturt, commanding the regiment, was in front, dismounted, but the Lieutenant continued to move steadily on in front of the regiment at a foot pace on his horse. The gun discharged a shot until the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In vent the corps, led by the Lieutenant, who still stood steadily on the gun's muzzle until it was mastered by a rush of the 64th. (Extract of a telegram from the late Major-General Sir Henry Havelock to the Commander-in-Chief in India, dated Calcutta, August 18, 1857).

9th Lancers.—Privates Thomas Hancock and John Purrell.—The guns, I am happy to say, were saved, but a wagon of Major Scott's battery was blown up. I must not fail to mention the excellent conduct of a squire of the 4th Lancers, and two men of the 9th Lancers: Privates Thomas Hancock and John Purrell, who, when my horse was shot down, remained by me throughout. One of these men and the squire offered me their horses, and I was dragged out by the squire's horse. Private Hancock was severely wounded, and Private Purrell's horse was killed under him. The squire's name is Roper Khan. (Extract of a letter from Brigadier J. H. Grant, C.B., Commanding Cavalry Brigade of the Field Force, to the Deputy-Adjutant-General of Division. Dated Camp, D. 24, June 22, 1857).

THE LEVIATHAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SIR,—I looking over your "Story of Steam Navigation," I observe that you attribute to me the merit of the investigation into the claims of Garay to the invention of steam navigation, and the consequent explosion of such claims by reference to the archives of Simancas; whereas the inquiry was undertaken at the instance of my friend John Macgregor, Esq., and to him is due the merit of having disproved the claims of the Spanish nation by reference to the letters of De Garay himself, which, although relied upon for upwards of three centuries, as containing evidence in support of such claim, contain no allusion to the application of steam to purposes of navigation.

Great Seal Patent Office, Southampton Buildings,
Chancery Lane, Jan. 20, 1858.

THE LEVIATHAN.—At high water on Saturday last, there were thirteen feet seven inches of water under this vessel; and we are likely to hear no more of "rams" and "crabs" in connection with her progress. The launch will take place on Friday, the 29th, or Saturday, the 30th. Meanwhile the ship is being exhibited: an admission-fee of half-a-crown was charged, and flocks of visitors paid it. No tickets will be granted for next week, we believe.

THE LEVIATHAN OUTDORE.—The New York "Journal of Commerce" says that a Mr. J. J. Rink has planned a stupendous "fortress war-ship," 450 feet in length, with 300 guns, 640 battle galleys, 3,600 berths, and all the munitions of war in proportion. The ship is provided with stable accommodations for 300 horses, two light-houses, three powder towers, two "wrench rudders," made to operate in all directions, and so arranged as to be used in checking the speed of the ship, besides a variety of other appliances. This last is a very desirable quality, as the inventor is anxious that she will be propelled at the astounding rate of forty-five miles an hour. In addition to steam-power, the ship will spread not less than 6,000 yards of canvas, the immense bulk being clouded with sails of every conceivable shape. "Even a partial description of all the novelties here introduced would occupy columns of space."

SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—We learn that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are about to enter seriously into the work which has been commenced at Westminster Abbey, and that the cathedral will soon contain its thousands assembled to hear the gospel preached in its spacious nave. The "Union" says:—"We are enabled to announce that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are making preparations to open their cathedral very shortly. An application has already been made to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for £10,000, to defray the expenses of fitting up and lighting the nave, to which an answer has been received by the Chapter, from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, stating that the sum of £1,000 is at their disposal for this admirable object."

A HORSE TAMER.—A Mr. Roney of the United States exhibited at Windsor, last week, before the Queen and Prince Consort, the extraordinary powers he possesses over his horses. He began with a wild colt from the Prince's farm. After being alone with the animal about an hour and a-half, the Royal party entered, and found Mr. Roney sitting on his back without holding the reins, the horse standing perfectly quiet. Mr. Roney then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal. A drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Roney, which he beat with tany whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear. The Royal party afterwards withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down and Mr. Roney knocking his hind-legs together, one of which he put against his face. Afterwards, a restive horse, from Mr. Anderson's stables in London, which Mr. Roney before handled, was brought in; this horse was placed at one end of the riding-house alone, Mr. Roney went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him. He then made the horse lie down, in the presence of the Queen; when Mr. Roney crawled between his hind-legs, and over him in various ways. Mr. Roney then rolled the horse on its back; the horse afterwards was placed in various positions, in which it stood without holding and without a bridle. A third horse, selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding-master, as a very nervous animal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Roney to do all which had been done by the other horses. It is stated that Mr. Roney has imparted the secret to Major-General Airey, in confidence.

THE HAVELOCK BARONETCY.—The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto Henry Marshall Havelock, Captain in the Army (eldest son of the late Major-General Havelock, of Lucknow, K.C.B.), and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, with remainder, in default of such issue, to the heirs male lawfully begotten of the body of his father, the said Major-General Henry Havelock. The Queen has also ordained that Hannah Shepherd Havelock, the widow of the late Major-General Henry Havelock, K.C.B., shall have, hold, and enjoy the same style, title, place, and precedence to which she would have been entitled had her said husband survived and been created a Baronet, and for which creation her Majesty had given instructions, as notified in the London "Gazette" of the 27th of November last; And also to command that the said royal order and declaration be registered in her Majesty's College of Arms.

THE FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

In setting before the Prince of Prussia and the rest of the foreign visitors at her Majesty's Court a series of "Festival Performances," the intention appears to have been, not merely to offer them a succession of those "gala spectacles" which form an essential part of all important regal and imperial entertainments on the Continent, but also to convey to them some notion of the present state of the English stage. It is true that the English stage is in no very flourishing condition just now, but visitors must be content to take the country as they find it, and certainly on the first of the festival nights no attempt was made to give them any higher opinion of our dramatic tastes and requirements than they would be likely to form by witnessing the most ordinary performance at one of our most ordinary theatres. If it had been possible to produce "Macbeth" as "Macbeth" was produced at Covent Garden under Mr. Macready, this would only have served to mislead our German cousins, for they understand and appreciate Shakespeare, and would have gone away with the same impression that here in London his masterpieces are represented as a listless and apathetic curiosity as in the capital of Prussia. They will have no more to do at present, Owing to unwillingness on the part of Mr. Charles Kemble to co-operate with the directors of the Festival Performances, they will not even have seen how admirably Shakespeare's plays can be put upon the stage in these degenerate days when to find adequate representatives for the prime characters appears to be quite out of the question. They will have seen Lady Macbeth played with high intelligence and exquisite grace, by a most accomplished actress, who—probably for that reason—is not on the stage; and, as to the rest, will have witnessed the regular Sadler's Wells representation of Shakespeare, somewhat disturbed by the absence of some of the performers to the Haymarket. This is what we may call a fair play. We have offered our friends neither the best possible, nor even the second best representation of "Macbeth," but such a one as may be witnessed any night when "Macbeth" happens to be "in the bills," either at a minor or a major theatre on the left bank or on the right of the Thames.

Do not let it be supposed that we are blaming any one. It is not Mr. Phelps's fault that he is not an actor of genius, and it is only his misfortune that he does not possess taste to enhance the value of his undeniable intelligence. All we regret is, that it was not found possible to offer to the numerous visitors a more satisfactory performance of one of Shakespeare's most impressive plays than which took place at her Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening. Otherwise, the notion of presenting specimens of the different kinds of theatrical representations for which this country is celebrated was well conceived, and in such a scheme it was quite natural that the first place should be given to Shakespeare. It was indeed inevitable, and even if high dramatic art had disappeared from among us more completely than it may be said to have done at present, it would still have been impossible to have omitted the name of the greatest of all dramatic poets from a programme of theatrical entertainments assuming to be national, and taking place in the land of that poet's birth. To Sheridan, whose "Rivals" will be played on Monday next, we are confident more justice will be done, and Bialé will certainly not complain of the execution of his "Rose of Castile" on Thursday last. As for Pico-domini and Giugino, who appear to night in the "Sonnambula," the Court of Berlin have already had an opportunity of learning them in their own city; but they will now also have an opportunity of learning, as regards London, that whatever may be said of our Shakespearean performances, our representations of Italian opera are not to be surpassed in any capital in Europe.

As the tragedy of "Macbeth" on Monday evening had to be followed by the "National Anthem," and last again by the farce of "Twice Killed," the performances were appointed to begin at the somewhat early hour of half-past seven—rather a late one, however, for the Germans, whose theatrical entertainments generally commence before six. The doors were opened an hour before the rising of the curtain, and an enormous crowd had collected outside the entrances to the pit at least an hour before the opening of the doors. The crush is spoken of by those who were mad enough to take part in it—the great majority, of course—as something more than usually terrible. But the fight was over, and the killed and wounded disposed of somehow or other, long before we entered the theatre. All that testified to the violence of the recent struggle was the impression of an imitator of the patent leathers of some of the gentlemen, or the tattered aspect of a few of the ladies' skirts, which had been either ferociously trampled on at the extremities or torn rudely from their "gathers" at the top. The late combatants, moreover, looked somewhat warmer than the temperature of the theatre could be thought to justify, and there were more persons crammed together on the benches than the whole pit, with its passages all the way round and down the middle, could have held with any degree of convenience. We have now only to add that nearly all the standing room was occupied, and the reader will understand that there was something like what in managerial parlance is called "a good house" on the first night of the festival performances at her Majesty's Theatre.

Messrs. Mitchell and Lumley, to whom the direction and superintendence of these special representations had been confided, had evidently determined to give an appropriate festival appearance to the theatre itself. The whole of the interior, with the exception of the ceiling, had been redecorated. The panels had been covered with pink hangings, and these served as a ground to a delicate superstructure of lace—for which, by-the-by, superstructure can scarcely be the correct word. The amber curtains had been retained, and probably some of our fair readers will think the yellow could not have matched very well with the pink. Each tier of boxes, we must add, was adorned with garlands of artificial flowers.

On those festival or gala occasions, we hold it to be impossible there can be too much light. At all events, we have seen the latest theatre in Europe lighted up with more wax candles than we ever saw in any one, two, or three public buildings before, and the effect was that it was rather more brilliant than daylight in July, but very pleasant when you had become a little used to it. The necessity of additional light had been provided for on Tuesday evening, and four new chandeliers had been hung at equal distances around the old one, to which they bear about the same proportion that a good sized pilot balloon does to the great Nassau; or rather, they were like the four diminished domes of an oriental church, forming a square around the huge central one. The box prepared for the reception of the Court party was of the most extensive nature—speaking geometrically—for it occupied at least a third of the grand tier, commencing from the proscenium box to the left of the conductor, and extending for more than halfway towards the centre of the house. It appeared to be lined with white quilled satin, relieved with blue ribbons, but it would be a useless affectation to pretend that we entered it.

Before the curtain rose (not at half-past seven, as had been expected, but at twenty minutes to eight) it was evident from the performance of Spohr's overture, that Mr. Benedic, who conducted, had spared no pains in the selection of his band. The curtain went up, but no one cared an atom about the witches or their prophecies. All eyes were directed towards the long satin-quilled silk-worm-box, into which the Royal and matronial party were expected every moment to make their entry. One of the boxes immediately above happened to be occupied by the Prince of Lucknow, with his august suite, and that lazy, careless, sensual-looking, but evidently not unfeeling young man, appeared to be highly gratified, and at the same time somewhat amused, by the prodigious attention of which he for some time fancied himself the object.

At length Mr. Phelps made his entry, to the delight of the gallery, the remainder of the audience appearing perfectly unconcerned. Indeed it is tolerably certain that most of those present knew little more of Mr. Phelps than a favoured few who happened to be sitting before us in the stalls knew of the author of the piece.

"Why did they choose this piece?" said one of that charming party. "Don't know, I'm sure," said another. "I never saw it before. It's a stupid affair."

These words we heard with our own ears, and we can testify to their perfect identity. They amused us as indicating a change in fashionable opinion since the days of Lord Verisopht. Lord Verisopht, at all events, admitted that Shakespeare was "a clayer man;" whereas our friends in the stalls decidedly think that "Macbeth" is a stupid affair.

In the meantime the play progressed, and the fashionably ignorant audience, in spite of themselves, began to get interested in it. The play of "Macbeth" ("libretto" it was called by our friends in the stalls) was being sold about the house, and appeared to be taken freely at a shilling and eighteen-pence. There are two theatres where the book of the play is required when Shakespeare is being acted—Her Majesty's and Sadler's Wells. But at the former the public read the play because they really know nothing at all about it; at Sadler's Wells—which, with certain undeniable defects, is after all our only Shakespearean school—they study it because they have seen it acted repeatedly, so often that they know its great beauties, and are unwilling to lose a line of the dialogue.

Miss Faucit received a hearty welcome from all parts of the house. For some minutes after her entrance people seemed to have forgotten that they had not come to see Shakespeare at all, but merely to be present at a festival performance. Their attention was really enlivened by her acting. Miss Faucit's first scene with Mr. Phelps, or rather Lady Macbeth's first scene with her husband, was admirable. Here actor and actress were all that could be desired. At this moment we really thought Shakespeare was going to have a permanent success at the Haymarket, that he was about to defeat Verdi on his own ground. The dead lion who wrote "Macbeth" threatened for a moment to overcome the living maestro who composes "Macbeth."

But again all eyes were turned towards the Royal box, and again the Prince of Lucknow was delighted at the attention he was not exciting.

At last, just as Mr. Phelps had begun to inquire whether that was a dagger that he saw before him (a passage which some of the fashionable set men knew from Ross's imitations at the Cider Cellars), her Majesty, Prince Albert, and all the Royal Family—German as well as English—made their entry. Their names are written in the "Court Circular," and all that we can say of them here, is, that the Queen wore diamond earrings, and that she sat at some distance, the distance of about three opera-boxes, from her illustrious Consort, while the Princess Royal occupied a position between the two, in the centre of the box, and with a brother of her future husband—a pale, fair-haired young man—on her right. There were no uniforms in the box, but there was a profusion of crosses, orders, ribbons, and decorations of all kinds, worn with plain clothes. As soon as Mr. Phelps had finished his soliloquy, but not until then, the entire audience rose and acknowledged her Majesty's presence by the most vociferous cheering, mingled with the ordinary musical applause, such as falls to the lot of a successful prima donna. The Royal party rose to respond to the salutations of the audience, and her Majesty's repeated bows were of course the signal for a renewal of the congratulatory uproar. The Prince of Lucknow looked as if he thought he ought to bow too, but refrained from doing so. Then the performance went on, and the Royal party evidently endeavoured for some time to take an interest in it. But, to tell the truth, it was insufferably dull, and although as a whole the performance was rendered still more tedious by the introduction of Locke's music, it was certainly a relief to listen to music after hearing so much mere mouthing.

We must mention that, in spite of the general attention directed towards the Royal party, the banquet scene and Miss Faucit's sleep-walking soliloquy did not pass without observers. In fact, those who observed the most were the illustrious visitors themselves. The Princess Royal (who had probably never seen one of Shakespeare's plays) leant forward in order to catch a glimpse of Banquo's ghost, who entered from the side on which the Royal box is situated, and all seemed deeply impressed by the somnambulistic scene. Our friends in the stalls remembered this part of the play from having seen Ristori in it, but they had evidently seen her in this scene only, for they were very much puzzled by the appearance of Banquo's ghost in the previous act, and one of them said, with much naïveté, "I thought it was in 'Hamlet' that the ghost appeared!"

The fight between Macbeth and Macduff made every one yawn except the Prince of Lucknow, who seemed much excited by it; but when the play was fairly at an end, the tediousness of the representation was at once forgotten, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the house once more resounded with acclamations.

After retiring for about ten minutes, the Royal party returned to see Mr. Oxborn's clever farce, "Twice Killed," which was excellently played by the Keleys.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

PRINCESS'S—ADELPHI.

ON the first night of the festival performances at her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Kean's friends, who believe that he has been badly treated in the matter of these state theatricals, seized upon the occasion for a demonstration at the Princess's, and accordingly after the fall of the curtain the applause was so enthusiastic and long-continued that Mr. Kean advanced and delivered a speech in most excellent taste, in which he declared that it would be mere affectation in him to affect ignorance of the cause of this manifestation, that he had always endeavoured to act in a conscientious and upright manner, and that their presence and applause that evening showed him he had acted rightly.

At the Adelphi Mr. Watts Phillips has produced a new drama, made up in mosaic from several of those plays which have been made popular by Mr. Webster's impersonation of the principal character. There is nothing novel in "The Poor Strollers" from beginning to end—plot, characters, dialogue, situation, all are old, and are not even agreeably revived. Mr. Webster acted most admirably in a part which exactly suited him, and the piece was applauded vehemently; but this was most distinctly not an expression of public feeling, but arose from the efforts of a body of claqueurs who were planted in the centre of the pit and in the stalls, and who certainly earned their shillings by the extraordinary exertions they displayed.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—The Duke of Devonshire died suddenly at Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, on Monday. The deceased nobleman was born in Paris in 1790, and succeeded to the Dukedom in 1811. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he received in 1810 the degree of M.A., and in 1811 that of LL.D. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Derbyshire. In 1836 he was appointed Ambassador-Extraordinary, to represent this country at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, and his magnificent displays on the occasion of that event were a theme of comment throughout Europe. A personal friendship of the most intimate character was then formed between the Czar and his Grace, an illustration of which was afforded by the visit paid by the Emperor to the Duke during his stay in this country a few years ago. The deceased nobleman was Lord Chamberlain of the Household from May, 1837, to February, 1838; and again, from November, 1830, to December, 1834. His Grace was well known as a Whig of the old school, and as a liberal patron of the arts and sciences and of literature. He was never married, and he will be succeeded in the title and estates by his cousin, William Cavendish, F.R.S., D.C.L., second Earl of Burlington. His Grace leaves two surviving sisters, the Countess of Carlisle (mother of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), and the Countess (Dowager) Granville (mother of the Lord President of the Council).

DEATH OF LADY BOOTHBY (MRS. NISBET).—This lady died at her residence, Rose Mount, St. Leonard's, on Saturday last, after a short illness brought on by anxiety and domestic affliction. Her Ladyship having within the last eighteen months lost her mother, her brother, and her sister. Lady Boothby was the daughter of Frederick Hayes Macanmara, formerly of the 52nd Regiment of Foot, and his wife, Jane Elizabeth Williams. Appearing when very young on the provincial boards, she early evinced so remarkable a talent for comedy, that her parents decided upon allowing her to follow the stage as a profession, and, as is well known, she subsequently became unrivalled as a comic actress. She was married twice: the first time, when about nineteen years of age, to Captain John Alexander Nisbet, of the Life Guards, who shortly after died from the effects of an accident; and secondly to Sir William Boothby, Bart., who also died within a few years of his marriage, leaving her a second time a widow, and unhappily only very poorly provided for.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.—Parliamentary reform meetings have been held in Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Liskeard, Bodmin, Penryn, Barnstaple, Tavistock, Norwich, and other places. The meetings were mostly of a radical character.—At Birmingham, the Reformers' Union, some time since set on foot, has been established—some of the Chartists joining the Radicals.—The Manchester Liberals are attempting to reunite the fragments of the party on the reform question. Mr. George Wilson, the chairman of the old Anti-Corn-Law League, has agreed to join the movement, we hear.

LARKING.—Two young men were larking in a mill, at Preaton, when one of them took up a stick, and made a feint at the other; the latter, in avoiding the blow, verbalised himself and fell. "The mule was in motion at the time, and his head was caught between the spring-piece and the wheel carriage." The machinery was instantly stopped, and the unfortunate young man released, but he was quite dead.

her niece, "Oh, he has killed me." When Sagar came up stairs again shortly

her niece, "Oh, *la* *usa* killed me." When Sagar came up stairs again shortly afterwards, he gave his wife another dose out of the bottle; she vomited immediately, and was so exhausted, that it was some moments before she recovered. As Mrs. Sagar again complained of the medicine burning her throat, the niece, Mary Ann Scambray, asked to be allowed to taste it. Sagar gave her a spoon to hold, took down the effervescent mixture and the julep, and poured it into the spoon. "Deceased, who was then in bed, saw the proceeding, and immediately exclaimed, "That is not the stuff he gives me; my medicine does not boil (effervesce)." Sagar hereupon took the other bottle and went down stairs with it. When he returned he produced a fourth bottle, which he said he had obtained from Mr. Milagren, the surgeon, and some of it was given to his wife. After taking a dose of this preparation, deceased did not vomit, and was not again sick until Thursday morning, when the prisoner administered another dose. From this time until Friday afternoon, prisoner always administered the medicine, and his wife was as regularly sick. On Friday afternoon, Mr. Milagren said that Mrs. Sagar was getting worse, but that he did not suspect from what she was suffering. He now apprehended that erysipels might supervene, and treated her accordingly. Before he left the workhouse on that afternoon, he told Sagar that his wife was worse, and told him also to send down for some medicine directly, and to apprise him of any change for the worse took place before ten o'clock that evening. A little after ten o'clock, Sagar, who had been previously told by his wife that Mrs. Sagar was much worse, presented himself at the surgery, and gave a contrary report. A change took place in the condition of the deceased after midnight on Friday, and about four o'clock on Saturday morning the poor woman expired, no one attending her last moments except Sagar, and his own sister. These facts, as some of them were given in evidence before the coroner, but Sagar was disclaimed. The suspicions against him, however, were of so grave a character, and the new evidence was so cogent, that it was of so much importance, that the magistrates took the matter in hand, and Sagar was again arrested. The hair of the poor woman was examined and her stomach and its contents exposed to analysis by Mr. Morley. The result of that gentleman's investigations led him to the conclusion that Mrs. S. had died from arsenic internally administered.

During the course of the investigation before the magistrates, it was elicited that the prisoner was in the habit of brutally abusing his wife; that on the Saturday previous to her death he had "barked" her as cruelly as to leave her useless for four hours; that on another occasion a dressmaker found the poor wife chained and handcuffed to the bed-post in such a manner as to impede her from either sitting, standing upright, lying down, or kneeling; that she had frequently expressed herself to be in fear for her life; that during the last week she told several witnesses that the prisoner was poisoning her, and requested them to look the matter up suspected; that the children of the prisoner, thirteen in all, had died off before they were four years of age; that Mrs. Sagar was of a notion that his had been put out of the way; and, finally, that Sagar himself, from having once kept a druggist's shop at Cullinstown, must have been familiar with the use of deadly drugs. One circumstance in his favour we must not omit to state: the possession of any arsenic has not been traced to him.

The evidence of Ann Bland, a girl of two-and-twenty, and a daughter of one of the members of the board of guardians, was important, and not astounding. She solemnly informed the Court that, four years ago, Mrs. Sagar asked her to go, with her husband and herself, and she consented. The same intention came up was renewed on three other occasions, always at the request—if we are to believe Ann Bland—of the deceased. When, however, Mrs. Sagar was home on any of some four or five, the girl, who has been a constrained mistress of the workhouse for some time, declines to share the prisoner's bed—"She thought it would not be right to do so in the absence of his wife." This witness also stated that several other girls had followed this pretty example (also at Mrs. Sagar's desire), and names and dates were given.

After some other evidences had been heard, Sagar was committed to prison for wilful murder.

SUSPECTED PARRICIDE.

ROBERT KRISHAW, an old man, who lived with his wife, two grown up sons, and four daughters, in Wood Street, Over Darwen (near Blackburn), was on Wednesday week found buried under a heap of coals in the cellar of his own house, his forehead gashed with repeated wounds, and covered with blood. Krishaw had been a small farmer at a place called Beckwiths, but having met with misfortunes went some years ago to live at Over Darwen, where his labouring employment led to the factories. The old man had remained at home for some time past, and perhaps had done so ever since his removal; indeed it seems to have been necessary that some one should always be in the house with Mrs. Krishaw for a few years she has been "sightly." On Wednesday morning all the children went to their work as usual, but Thomas, the eldest, left the factory where he was employed at eleven o'clock, returning at four o'clock, he

immediately left again. One of the girls, a child about 11 years of age, came home from school at about half-past four o'clock, and found her mother alone. The child asked for her father; her mother said she had not seen him since he was the child's brother, Thomas (as she understood), had been "roving" in the cellar. Soon afterwards Thomas came in, lighted a candle, took a shovel, and went down to the cellar and "began to shovel the coals." She went down after him, and saw him throwing loose coals from the bottom to the top. The other son, whose name is Robert, came home about seven o'clock, and not seeing his father (whom he had met at dinner-time as usual), made some inquiries; his mother said she had seen nothing of him since three or four o'clock. At about time Thomas (who had left the house, it appears) came in, and after he had eaten some supper, asked his brother Robert to go to bed: they usually slept together.

"Believe I fell asleep," said Robert, in answer to the coroner who inquired into this dreadful affair, "I inquired if he knew anything of my father. His reply was something of this kind:—'As I had left my work to-day, perhaps he has gone to look out after me.' I said nothing more, and soon fell asleep. In a short time, perhaps a quarter of an hour or more, he awoke me by nudging me on the breast. He kept his hand on my chest, and said he had something to tell me—something horrible, and that I must not tell any one. He then said that, when he came home from Blackburn, he found his father laid dead on the hearthstone, and he dragged him down into the cellar, and covered him with the coals. He repeated again that I was not to tell any one, but to keep the matter secret, and that I must go with him when all had got quiet at night to Liverpool, and get over, if we could, to France or America. I promised him all he asked me to do, but said that he must let me put on my clothes, and go down into the cellar. I put on my clothes, and told him to remain in bed, and I would be back in a few

minutes. I went w'n into the cellar with a lighted candle, and after feeling about the cellar, pulling the coals up with my fingers, till I had got to the far end, I found, just bare, the side of my father's thigh. All the rest was covered. I pulled the coals from the side, and threw up the leg; and having made sure that the body was there, I crept quietly up the cellar at 'ps, and went out at the back door without making any noise. I ran up to my uncle Thomas's. I had to knock two or three times, as they were in bed, but I called them up, and when they came to the window, I called out, 'My father is killed.' One of my cousins (David) then followed me, and on my way I called at my uncle Nicolson's, at Woodfarm, and his son John came with us. David, my cousin, at my desire, went for a police officer, ad John and I went down to the house, entering by the back door. As soon as we got in, William Ratcliffe came to the front door, and we let him in, and all three—my cousin, John Holden, William Ratcliffe, and myself, went down to the cellar. We did nothing; I merely showed them what I had found, and we came up again, and then the police officers came in. I went again to the cellar with the officers, and remained with them while they uncovered the body, which was brought up and washed."

Robert Kershaw further said, that his mother often complained of being ill-used by the deceased when they were alone; and that his brother Thomas had said of his father that he was a notorious wretch and a villain, and that a few days before the murder, Thomas had a notion that his father was plotting against him. "On Tuesday night, my brother opened our bed room door, and went out; and immediately after I heard a report. When he returned to the room, I asked him what he had done that for, and he said he was only frightening him. That would be about two or three o'clock on Wednesday morning. I was awake by my brother getting up. The pistol had been in the house for some time, but I never saw it in our room before. After my brother returned to bed, I asked him further, and he said, 'Go and tell your father I have been speaking at you; tell him to fetch a policeman to me, and I will be able to know by that whether he has anything against me or not.' I have heard my brother say that for his crimes he would bring my father to justice."

While the coroner was reading over this witness's evidence, the witness added to it that his brother, in telling him of his having found his father dead, said that his mother had done it.

How far the mother may be implicated in this dreadful affair is not clear. Hannah Kershaw, the little girl above referred to, and Alice, the eldest daughter (fourteen years of age), both dep. said that when they came home on the Wednesday

washed, were hanging to dry—Thomas's, Robert's, and the deceased's; there were spots like blood spots, on both Robert's and Thomas's. Alice Kershaw

washed, were hanging to dry—Thomas's, Robert's, and the deceased's; there were spots, like blood spots, on both Robert's and Thomas's. Alice Kershaw also said that on one occasion Thomas and her father had "some words" about the latter's desire to emigrate; and that when the deceased threatened to call in the police if he did not behave himself, he threw the old man on the floor. She interposed, and no blow was struck. Generally, there was very little quarrelling in the family.

The police-officer who apprehended the prisoners on the night of the discovery, said—I took the female prisoner into custody. Thomas was in bed. She shouted out, "What are you doing there? I knew nothing about the affair; when the scuffle began I went out of the house." I asked where was her husband and son, and she said, "Down in the cellar, doing something among the coals." I came down stairs, and took Thomas, now present, into custody. I asked him if he had struck his father on the head with some heavy instrument. I cautioned him first, and he said he was the cause of his faults. He afterwards endeavoured to prevail upon the officer to let him escape.

MURDER AT WADSWORTH

POLICE

AN ILLEGIT SIBLING.—Henry Elliott, aged fifty-two, a butcher, John Neeves, a carpenter, and Adam Probert, were charged before Mr. Corrie with working an illicit slot in the Buick car, Somerset street.

Mr. Corrie said Elliott had the full penalty of £20, or, in default of payment, three calendar months' hard labour in the House of Correction; and, giving the others the benefit of the doubt, discharged them.

THE ALLEGED EMBEZZLEMENT OF £1,000.—At the Lambeth Police-court on Saturday, Mr. Richard Beach, the late London agent of Messrs. Perks and Co., the brewers of Barton-on-Trent, was further examined.

The defence was, that in accordance with the terms of the bond between the prisoner and the prosecutors, he might be looked upon in the light of a partner instead of a servant, and that therefore the prisoner had a right to be discharged, leaving the prosecutors to their civil remedy. It was also alleged, that as to the charge of embezzling £1,000, there were £600 on the books of bad debts—£500 of the prosecutors', and £100 of his own, which he had expended in improving the business.

The Magistrate held that, as the prisoner was spoken of in the bond as "a salaried man," he was clearly a servant, and consequently indictable. He was then committed for trial.

On application to be admitted to bail in the same sureties as before, one of the previous sureties objected, as there were three or four sheriff's officers waiting to pounce upon him the moment he left.

WARNING TO THE BENEVOLENT.—John Reed, a rough-looking elderly man was charged with felony.

On Saturday evening the prisoner and another man went to the house of Mr. Weller, Ebury Street, Pimlico, and presented the following to the servant, requesting her to show it to her master:—

"To The Humane and Benevolent—The humble petition of John Ward sheweth that your petitioner having met with a serious accident, by being knocked down and run over, by which he has broken his legs and otherwise injured himself; that your petitioner having a wife and five small children totally depending upon him for support, most humbly begs the humane and benevolent to attend to as serious a case, and the smallest donation will be most thankfully received by your petitioner to get his wife a mangle."

A long list of subscribers was appended to this document, and the prisoner and his companion represented that Ward was the regular dusman of that district, and described with some degree of accuracy the person of the man who had been in the habit of coming to the house for the ashes. The servant believed them, and took the paper to her master, leaving the men at the street door. While Mr. Weller was reading the petition the man entered the hall, and just as Mr. Weller had put his name down for half-a-crown a young gentleman in the room looking towards the parlour door, which was partly open, saw the prisoner and his companion, who was walking off with a coat which had been hanging in the hall. He followed them, and endeavoured to follow him, but prisoner and companion had already made a second visit to

The police said that a similar trick had been played in the neighbourhood a few days previously. Remanded.

THE CONVICT SATTLER.—Sattler, the murderer of Detective Thain, has been respited for three weeks, "not from any doubt as to the merits of the case, but to give time for the argument and decision on a point of law which has arisen and been reserved for the Court of Criminal Appeal, by Mr. Justice Crompton, in a case tried before him upon the circuit, which has a material bearing upon that of Sattler." The question is, whether the prisoner was in the legal custody of Thain, the officer, at the time the offence was committed; and if it should be made out that he was not, it is believed that the decision that will be arrived at will be that the prisoner was so far justified in resisting the restraint upon his liberty as to reduce his crime to manslaughter.

MID-DAY GAROTTING.—On Tuesday, Miss Tooley, an assistant teacher in a ladies' school, was garotted near the old church, Handsworth, near Birmingham. She was twice thrown down by the ruffian, but she screamed for help, and some persons coming up he ran off across the fields and escaped. He failed to obtain either the lady's money or her watch.

THE catastrophe which has recently overtaken Naples has excited much less attention in Europe than from its appalling nature might have been supposed. We have already described this dreadful calamity, and now accompany our illustrations with a few extracts from a series of graphic letters in the "Athenæum." Describing the scene in the city of Naples on the night of the 16th, the writer says:—"I was writing on Wednesday night at 10.10 p.m., when my table seemed to be grasped by a powerful hand and dragged violently backwards and forwards. Lamps danced, pictures knocked against the walls. The timbers of my rooms creaked like a ship labouring in a heavy sea, and the very walls

moved perceptibly. 'It is an earthquake,' I shouted, and rushed to the door, when the bell rang violently, as though one were in a hurry for admission. Outside my apartment, which is on the fourth storey, were grouped many persons, some of whom had sprang out of their beds and were in night-dresses. Terror seemed to have overcome them; and whilst some were screaming or invoking the saints, others were leaning in a fainting state against the walls. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed since the shock which sent us flying when the 'replica' came—that is, the repetition—which, in volcanic countries, is always waited for with such intense anxiety, and it came upon us with the strength of a giant.

"All Naples was lighted up with an unusual glare, and I set out on my travels through the streets. Crowds were rushing into all the open squares in every description of toilet, and some without any at all. There were many in their night-dresses—many with a sheet over their shoulders—many in full dress, as they had escaped from a drawing-room. On one spot near the villa a mattress was laid, and young children were sleeping on it. The squares were full of carriages, occupied by persons whose fears would not permit them to remain at home. The horses were taken out, and all was made snug for the night. Those who could not afford themselves such a luxury were walking up and down, and the lower classes were grouped around great fires, which were burning everywhere at intervals of fifty yards.

"In the centre of the city all the squares were full of carriages; but there were stronger proofs of a panic, and of those passions which always follow a panic. The poor people were rushing down the narrow lanes, into the more open thoroughfares, screaming and calling on the Madonna and the Saints to protect them. The churches

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.



THE ENTRANCE TO PERTOSA.

witnessed as during the preceding night. In Potenza half the houses had given way; in Padua a hundred, and how many were killed was unknown; in Auletta, Petrosino, and Caggiano, many houses ruined, and many persons killed; the belfry and the church of Saldina, close to Salerno, given way, and two women had been killed. Potenza, however, the capital of Basilicata, had suffered the most, though to what extent was unknown. In Ricigliano, ten houses had fallen, and persons had been killed, whilst five others had been dug out of the ruins. On Saturday morning two other shocks were felt at Salerno, and one in Naples. In the course of the 19th more accurate news came from Potenza, a city of 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants, where not a house remained in a habitable state. The Palace of the President of the Courts of Justice, the Military and Civil Hospital, the Barracks of the Gendarmerie, and of the Company of Reserve, the College of Jesuits, the churches, especially the cathedral, the telegraphic instruments, all are rendered perfectly useless, nor can anyone without danger cross his threshold. Many victims had been disinterred, but the real number was unknown. Tito (a suburb of Potenza possessing nearly 10,000 souls) Marsiconno, Haut-Cuzana, and Brienza, are almost entirely destroyed; two-thirds of Vigevano have perished. The ruin in Viggiano, Cavello, Anzi, and Abriola is awful; and more so the alarm and desolation of the inhabitants. 'The pen,' say the writers of this report in the official journal, 'falls in terror from our hand.' In Polla the disasters were immense. This once beautiful town is now half in ruins, and the survivors were sitting or walking about, telling us of their misery, and lamenting more that there were no hands to take out the dead or rescue the living. In most



RUINS INSIDE PERTOSA.



were wisely closed, but the entrances were crowded with people on their knees invoking protection—indeed the feeling became so strong, that in some quarters the priests were compelled to yield to it, and the images of St. Ann, and of St. Antonio, and others were carried in procession, followed by crowds of devotees singing litanies. Then came the darker side of the picture, and a side which is always to be found in these crises. The very bonds of society began to be weakened; crowds of persons began to show a desire to plunder and to break the peace. The houses having been abandoned by their inhabitants, the thieves took advantage of it, and uttering republican cries, tried to create a disorder which might turn to their profit. The authorities had, however, very prudently sent strong patrols through the city, and on some of the guards threatening to fire, tranquillity was restored, and so we passed the night of the 16th."

Such is the account which this writer gives of the effects of the earthquake in the city. Of the provinces he says:—"All the provincials were in a state of the greatest alarm, and the Telegraph Office was so besieged on the morning of the 17th that a sentinel was placed before it. In the evening the official journal announced that though many inquiries had been made by the electric telegraph at Salerno, no answer had been received from Sala, Lagonegro, or the Calabrias. The cause of the interruption of the communication was unknown. In Campagna a house had fallen; in Castellamare some staircase gave way; in Sorrento, too, damage of the same kind was sustained, and in Capri a portion of the mountain had fallen. During the following night again a considerable number of persons slept in the open air, and the same scenes were to be

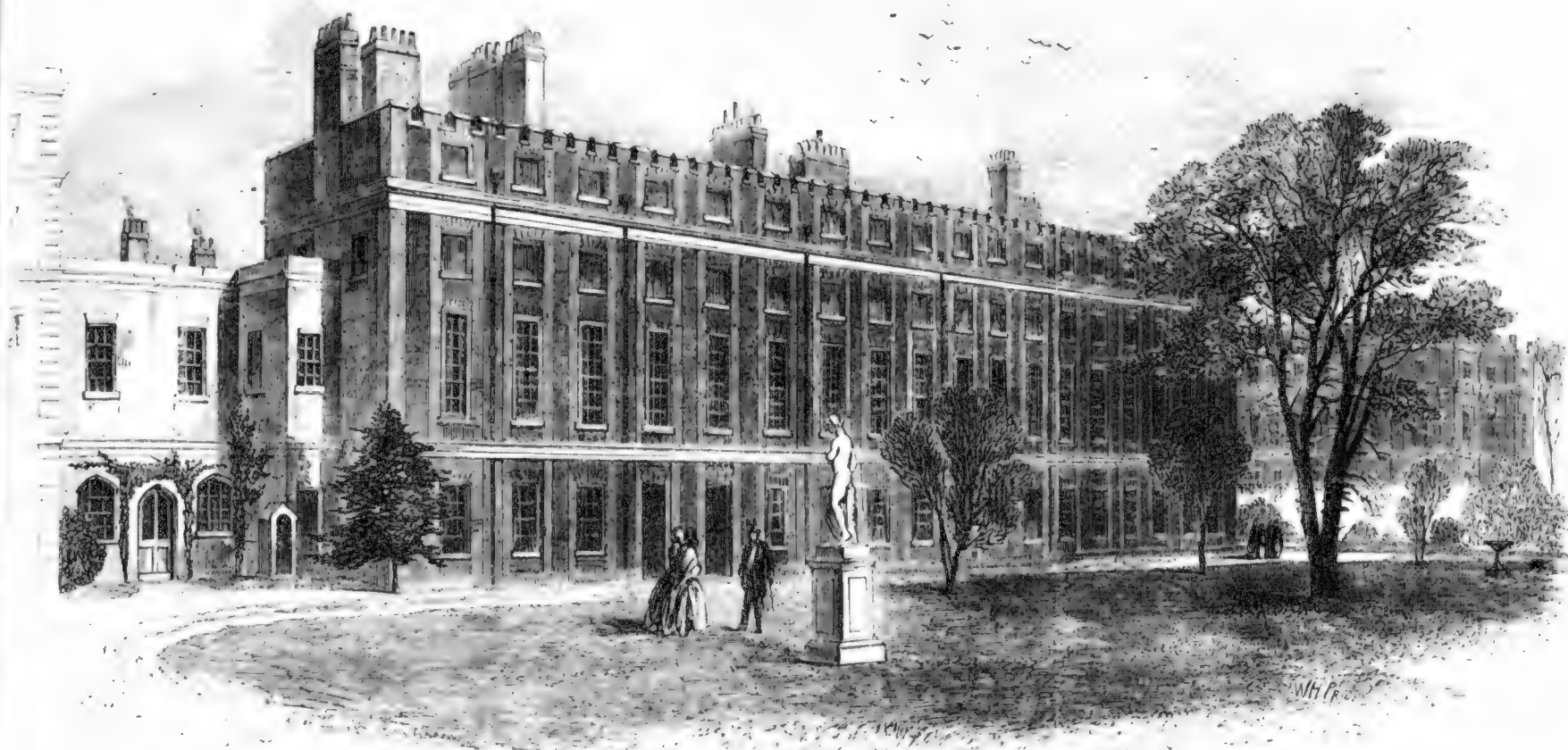


RUINS OF THE DUCAL PALACE, POLLA.

of these places, as in Naples, the deep, heavy rumblings which preceded and accompanied the earthquake have been much dwelt upon. The town of Sasso, near Castellabate, consisting of one long street, was separated in two by the sudden opening of a fissure through its entire length, each side remaining separated from the other by a considerable interval—and so it stands.

"Before arriving at Pertosa we found the houses on either side of the road thrown to the ground; the landlord of a tavern, now abandoned, told us he had the good fortune to escape with his wife, but that his child and servant had both been killed. The population of this place was about 3,000, and 143 bodies only had been dug out on the 1st of January, whilst 200 were known to be missing. The whole town was destroyed, with the exception of six houses, which were in a falling state. Between Pertosa and Polla the strength and caprice of the earthquake was made manifest in a remarkable way. Crossing a deep ravine, we found the road on the opposite side carried off 200 feet distant from its former position: the mountain above it had been cleft in two, revealing to a great depth the limestone caverns in the bowels of the earth. Polla has a population of 7,000 persons, and of these an immense number have now been disinterred."

And great as is the number of lives now known to have been lost in this terrible convulsion, it is expected that as many more will die of cold, and hunger, and sickness. Panic-stricken, famishing, despairing, the inhabitants of many places are represented as sitting among the ruins without the capacity of exertion. Thirty thousand people, we now hear, were buried in the ruins, and 250,000 persons are homeless.



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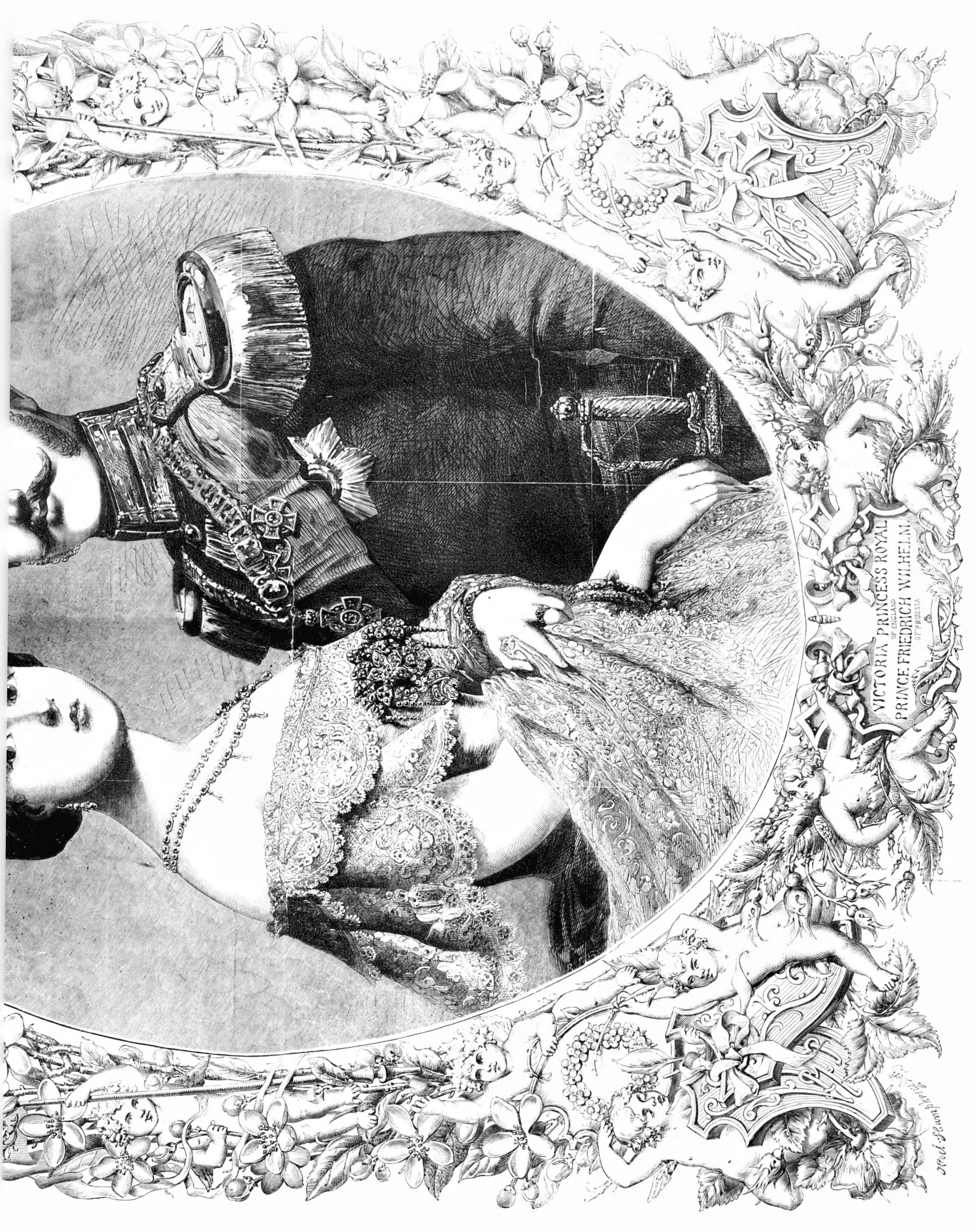
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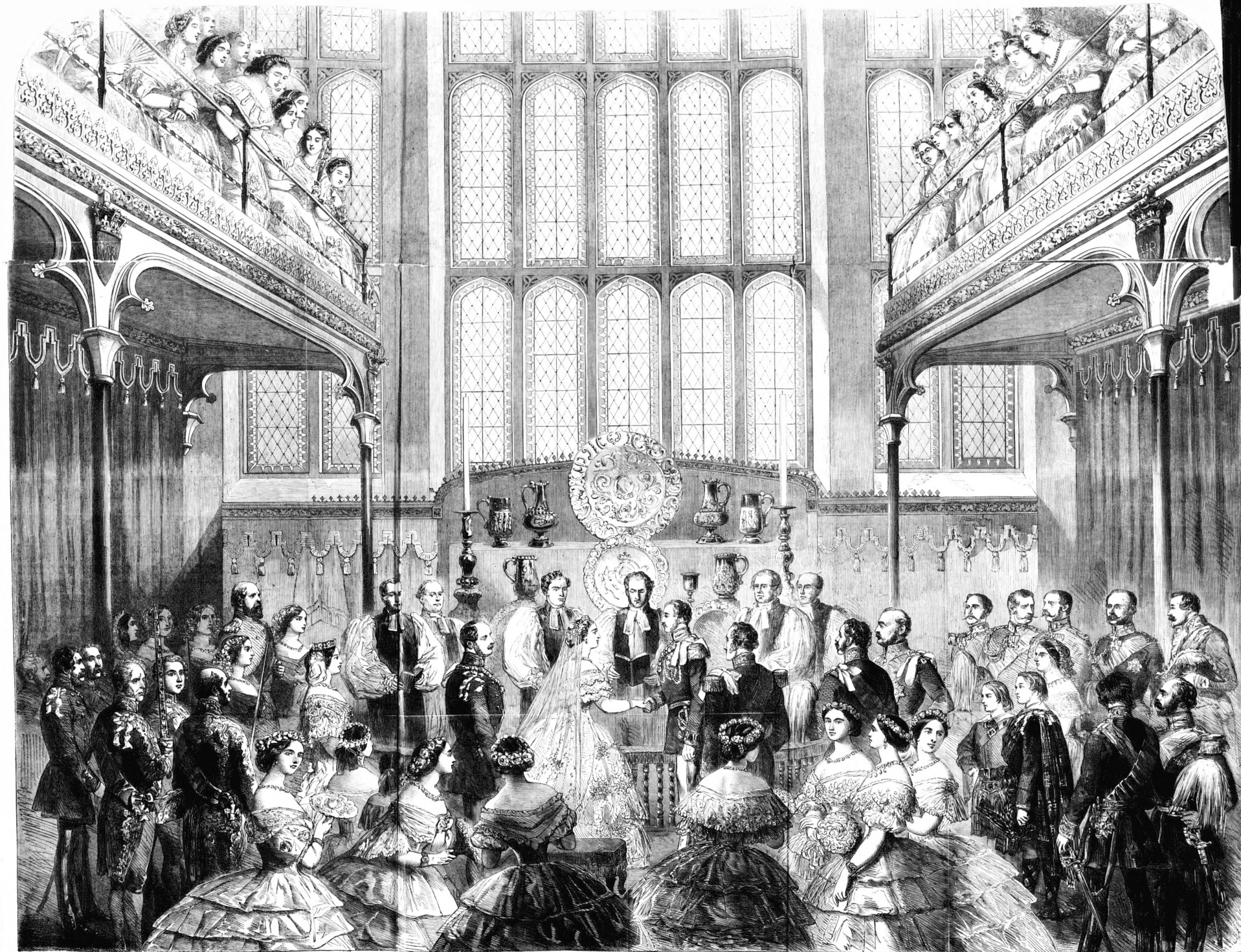
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 Desert ditto 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0
 Table Spoons 1 10 0 1 10 0 1 10 0 1 10 0
 Desert ditto 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0





VICTORIA PRINCESS ROYAL
OF ENGLAND
PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM
OF PRUSSIA



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND PRINCE FREDERICK-WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, JAN. 25, 1858.—DRAWN BY GEORGE JAMES, FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE TIME.